GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

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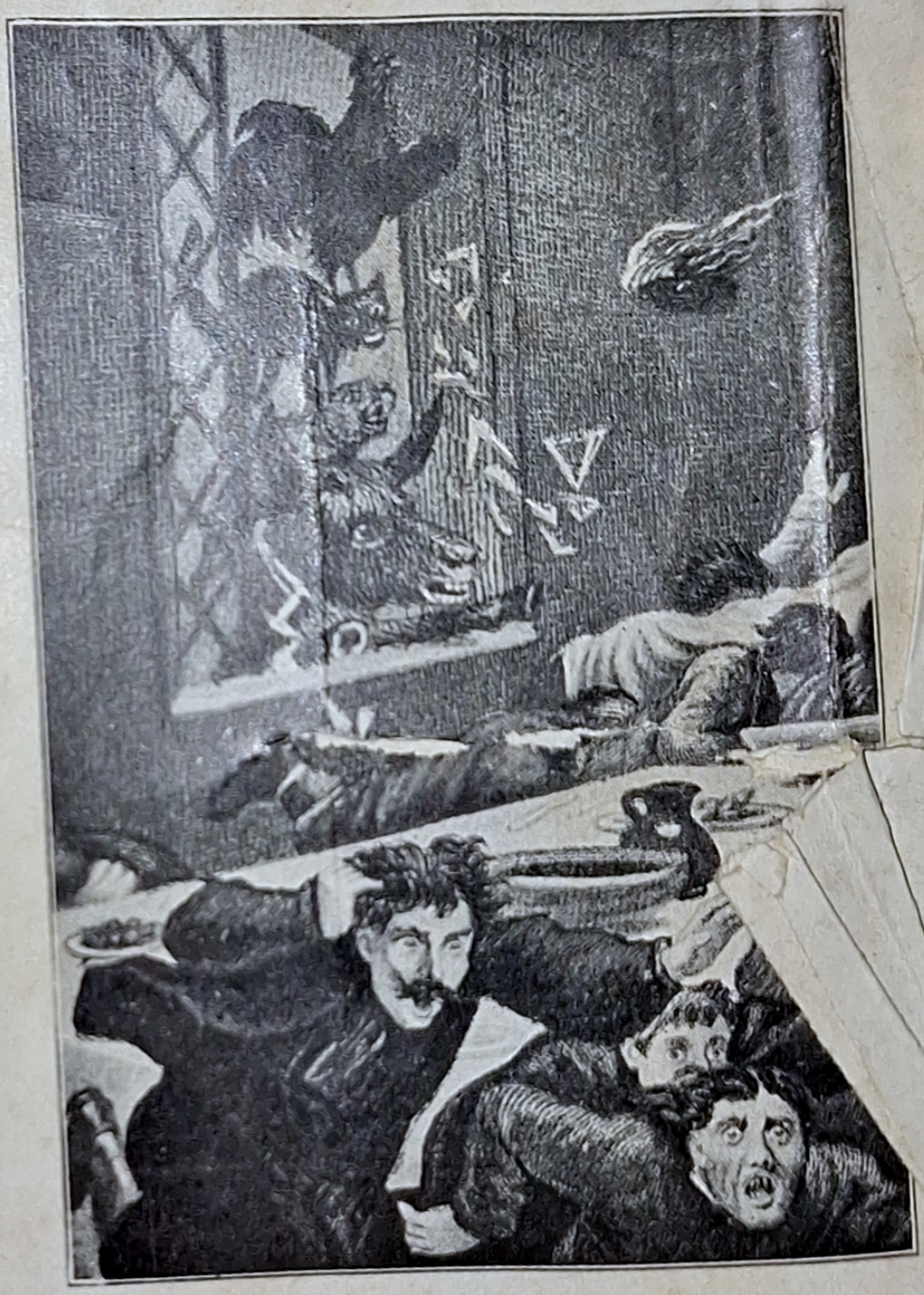

THE FOUR MUSICIANS.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

SELECTED AND EDITED FOR

CHILDREN IN THEIR THIRD SCHOOL YEAR

BY

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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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PREFACE

CHILDREN love fairy stories above all other stories. If any teacher or father or mother doubts this, let him test the matter for himself. If he will take any of the good old fairy stories and tell it to the child, and then take any other story, it matters not what it is, and tell this also to the child, all doubt will instantly vanish.

The normal child is interested in all stories worthy the name, but he *loves* fairy stories.

Why is it? What is it that creates this fascination? There are many theories; but it matters little which one is chosen. The essential point is the acknowledgment of the fact, and when that is admitted, let it be carefully considered whether there does not lie in this truth the germ of a powerful educational force, and whether the teacher or the parent can afford to ignore it.

Is it not perfectly apparent that the primary object of the first three years of a child's school life is to master a set of arbitrary symbols, so that the habit of instantly recognizing those symbols may be formed?

Will not the candid educator admit that the greatest stumbling-block toward the solution of problems, the accurate work in geography, in language, and in history is the lack of facility and skill in recognizing these arbitrary symbols, or, in other words, in reading?

If skill in reading, then, is of such profound importance to the child's educational life, is it right or reasonable to ignore the power which the fairy story undoubtedly possesses to attract and hold the eye of the child, as the loadstone does the needle, and just as naturally?

There is absolutely no need of pushing or encouraging the child where the fairy story is concerned. Furnish the two essentials, the child and the book, and the amalgamation is at once accomplished; and does any one doubt that a child, after he has devoured again and again the

stories which he loves, will have gained a much greater power of reading than he could have acquired from being driven through the pages of the average school reader?

In the following stories it has been the object of the editor to follow as closely as possible the old and idiomatic rendering of William Grimm, which has proved so satisfying to the myth-loving children of former times. There has been no hesitancy, however, in changing the German thought where it has seemed necessary, either for clearness or simplicity.

It is believed that the diction is so simple that it may be read with ease by the average child in his third year of school life; and while the book may be used in the schoolroom orally, it is hoped that it may prove especially valuable for silent reading in the schoolroom or in the home.

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM

It is evident from a comparison of the style of the "Kinder-und-Haus-Märchen" with that of the short stories written by William Grimm that we are indebted to the younger of the two brothers for the final elaboration of their German folk-lore stories. While it is undoubtedly true that Jacob did much, and probably more than William, in unearthing and collecting these stories, yet the fascination of style which has so long charmed the children of many countries, for its attraction cannot be lost even in translation, should be credited to William and not to the older and perhaps more renowned brother.

The life-work of these two brothers is remarkable, not alone for what it was in itself, but because of the unity which existed between two strong intellects. It is unusual to find two brothers who are perfectly content to live together, follow the same profession, pursue the

same ideals, work in perfect harmony in the writing of many books, and, in fact, in all things live lives supplementary to each other.

The two brothers at first were trained for the law, but it was not long before they became more interested in the light which the law cast in its historical aspect upon the growth of mankind than they did in the law itself, and the mind of Jacob particularly was soon fully developed toward his philological bent. For a time he was a close student with the noted French scholar, Savigny, and through the succeeding years of his life the whole force of his tremendous energy was devoted to systematic research along the lines of philology.

The folk-lore stories were simply one aspect of this life study, and with characteristic perseverance the brothers were not content until they had exhausted every source in order to make their collection complete. Then followed the natural result, when the kind-hearted brothers conceived of what interest these old tales would be to the children, that William should set about

recasting them into proper shape for the child's comprehension.

Their good-natured labor was instantly rewarded. As soon as the fairy stories were printed the children of all nations became clamorous for them, and to-day the brothers Grimm are known by the world at large more widely through their folk-stories than through their erudite theses on philology, the profound value of which is unquestioned by the scientific world.

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

THE FOUR MUSICIANS

ONCE upon a time a man had a donkey who for many years had carried bags of grain on his back to and from the mill. But at last he grew so old that he was no longer of any use for work, and his master tried to think how he could get rid of his old servant so that he might not have to feed him.

The donkey found out what was in his master's mind, and fearing that he might be killed, he ran away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had 10
often heard the street band play sweet music, for he thought he could be a musician as well as they.

He had not gone far when he came upon an old dog panting for breath, as if he had been running a long way.

"What are you panting for, my friend?" aske the donkey.

"Ah," answered the dog, "now that I am ol and growing weaker and weaker every day, I ca no longer go to the hunt, and my master has sai that I must be killed; so I have run away. Bu how I am to find bread and meat I do not know."

"Well," said the donkey, "come with me. I am going to be a street musician in Bremen. I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the flute, and you can play the kettle drum."

The dog was quite willing, and so they both walked on.

They had not gone far when they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as long as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, what is the matter with you, old Tom?" asked the donkey.

"You also would be sad," said the cat, "if you were in my place; for now that I am getting old, and my teeth are gone, I cannot catch the mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr; but when I found that they were going to drown

me, I ran away as fast as I could. Alas, what I am to do now I do not know!"

"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "I know that you sing well at night, so you can easily make a street musician in the town."

"That is just what I would like to do," said the cat; so he joined the donkey and the dog, and they all walked on together.

After some time the three musicians came to a farmyard, and on the gate stood a cock, crying 10 "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" with all his might.

"What are you making so much noise for?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," said the cock, "in spite of my giving them a fine day for Sunday I find I must have my head cut off to make a dinner for Monday, and so I am crowing as hard as I can while my head is still on!"

"Come with us, old Red Comb," said the donkey; "we are going to Bremen to be street musi- 20 cians. You have a fine voice, and the rest of us are all musical, too."

"Ah," said the cock, "that is just what I should

like to do!" And they all four went on to Bremen.

Now they could not reach the town in one day, and as evening came on they went into a wood to stop for the night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree; the cat climbed up on one of the branches; while the cock flew to the top of the tree, where he felt quite safe.

10 Before they went to sleep, the cock, who from the top of the tree could look all around, saw the light from a window, and calling to his friends he told them that they were not far from a house.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must all go on to this light, for it may be just the house for us." And the old dog said he should like a little piece of meat or even a bone.

So they were soon on their way again. As they drew near, the light grew larger and brighter, until 20 they saw that it came from the window of a robber's house. The donkey, who was the tallest, went up and looked in.

"What do you see, old Long Ears?" asked the cock

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table spread with plenty to eat and drink, and the robbers sitting before it having their supper."

"We should be there, too, if we had our rights," said the cock.

"Ah, yes," said the donkey, "if we could only get inside."

Then the four friends talked over what they had better do in order to drive the robbers away. At last they hit upon a plan. 10

The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his front feet on the window-sill; the dog could then stand on the donkey's back; the cat was to climb upon the dog; and the cock was to perch on the cat's head.

As soon as this was done, the donkey gave a signal, and they all began to make their music at once. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed, all with such force that the window-panes shook and were al- 20 most broken.

The robbers had never before heard such a noise, and thought it must come from witches, or giants,

or goblins. They all fled at once and ran as fast as they could to the wood behind the house. Then our four friends rushed in and took what the robbers had left on the table. They ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had eaten as much as they could, they put out the light, and each went to sleep in the spot which he liked the best. The donkey lay down out in the yard; the dog lay
10 behind the door; the cat went to sleep in front of the fireplace; while the cock flew up on to a high shelf. They were all so tired from their long walk that they soon fell fast asleep.

When all was still and the light was put out, the robber chief sent one of his bravest men back to the house to see how things were going. The man found everything quiet and still, so he went into the kitchen to strike a light. Seeing the great fiery eyes of the cat, he thought they were
20 live coals and held a match to them. But this made puss angry, and he flew up, spit at the man, and scratched his face. It gave the robber so great a fright that he ran for the door, but the

dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit him in the leg as he went by.

In the yard the rogue ran into the donkey, who gave him a great kick with his hind foot; while the cock on the shelf, waked up by the noise, was alive in a moment, and cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the man ran as fast as his legs could carry him back to the robber chief.

When he had caught his breath, he said: "In that house is a wicked witch, who flew at me and scratched my face with her long nails; then by the door stood a man with a knife, who cut me in the leg; out in the yard lay a great black giant, who struck me a blow with his wooden leg; and up in the roof sat the judge, who cried: 'What did he do? What did he do?' When I heard this, I ran off as fast as I could."

No money could ever have made the robbers go near that house again; but our four friends, the musicians, liked the place so well that they would not leave it, and so far as I know they are there to this day.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

ONCE upon a time there lived in a cottage nea
a wood a poor widow. In the garden in front o
her house grew two rose-bushes, one of whic
bore white roses and the other red.

Now the widow had two little girls, who wer
so like the rose-bushes that to one she gave th
name of Snow-White and to the other that o
Rose-Red.

These two little girls were the best children i
10 the world. Snow-White was quiet and gentle
She used to stay at home with her mother, hel
her about the housework, and read to her after i
was done; while Rose-Red liked to run about th
fields and look for birds and flowers.

The two children were very fond of each other
and when out walking always went hand in hand
Snow-White would say, "We will never leav

each other," while her sister would answer, "No, never so long as we live."

The children often went to the wood to pick berries. Not a living thing ever did them any harm, for all the animals were quite friendly with them. The little rabbits ate leaves out of their hands; even the deer would not run from them; while the birds sang for them in the trees. Sometimes they would stay in the forest all night, and still their mother knew there was no cause for fear. 10

One morning, after the sisters had been sleeping all night in a soft bed of moss, they opened their eyes and saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining. When he saw that they were awake, he smiled at them kindly, and then seemed to go away in a mist. They looked around and found that they had been sleeping on the edge of a dark, deep hole, into which they would surely have fallen had they moved during the night. Their mother said it 20 must have been one of the angels who watch over all good children.

The little girls kept their mother's house so

neat and clean that there was never a speck of dust to be found. Each morning in summer Rose-Red picked fresh flowers to place by her mother's bed. In winter, Snow-White made the fire, filled the tea-kettle, and placed it over the bright blaze.

In the evening, when the snow was falling, and the door closed and locked, Snow-White and Rose-Red would take seats around the fire in the bright little room and knit their stockings, while their mother read to them out of some good book.

One evening there came a rap at the door, and the mother said, "Rose-Red, open the door quickly; some one may be lost in the snow."

So Rose-Red unlocked the door, when who should come in but a great, black bear.

At first they were all very much afraid, until the bear began to speak, and said: "Do not fear; I will not hurt you. I only wish to warm myself by the fire, for my paws are nearly frozen."

"Poor bear," cried the mother, "come and lie down by the fire, but take care not to burn your coat of fur."

Then she called out: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, come here! This is a good bear; he will not hurt you." So they both came up by the fire, and the bear said, "Dear children, will you please sweep the snow from my fur?"

They took the broom and brushed the bear's fur until it was quite smooth. Then the huge fellow lay down at full length before the warm fire. In a short time the children had lost all fear of him. They jumped upon his back, rolled 10
over him on to the floor, and pulled his thick fur, and the bear did not mind in the least.

When bedtime came, the mother said to him, "You may stay here by the fire all night, if you like, as it is too cold for you to try to go home."

In the morning, when all were up, the two children opened the door, and the bear trotted off into the wood. After this he came every evening, always at the same time. He would lie down in front of the fire, and let the children play with 20
him as much as they pleased. At last they grew so used to him that no one thought of locking the door until the big black bear had come in.

So the winter passed, and the grass began to grow, and the buds began to swell, and the birds began to sing, and spring had come.

One morning the bear said to Snow-White, "I shall be gone all summer, and you will not see me again until winter comes."

"Where are you going, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I must go into the forest," he answered, "to hide my gold from those wicked little dwarfs. While winter is here, and the ground is frozen hard, they cannot find it, but when the snow is gone, and the sun has warmed the earth, it is easy for them to dig up my gold. When once they have stolen anything, it is hard to get it back again."

Snow-White felt very sorry when the bear said good-by. As he went out of the door, the latch caught his fur and tore off a piece. Snow-White thought she saw something shine like gold under his skin, but she was not sure, for the bear went away quickly and was soon lost to sight in the forest.

One day the mother sent her children into the forest to pick up wood. While walking along hand in hand they came upon a large tree which had fallen to the ground. Snow-White thought she saw something jumping up and down on the other side of the trunk. When they came nearer, they found that a little dwarf with a dried-up face had caught his long beard in a crack of the tree.

The dwarf was jumping about like a puppy at the end of a string, but he could not get free. He looked at the children with his red, fiery eyes, and cried: "What are you standing there for! Why don't you help me out!"

"Poor little man!" said Rose-Red, "how did it happen?"

"You stupid goose!" he cried, "I was trying to split the tree, but as I drove in my axe, it slipped out, and the tree closed so quickly that I caught my long white beard in it. Now why don't you do something?"

In spite of his cross words and ugly looks the children were willing to help the little fellow.

They tried to pull out his beard, but the tree held it fast.

"Ah, I know what to do," cried Snow-White. And she quickly took her scissors out of her pocket, and cut off the dwarf's beard close to the trunk of the tree. No sooner was the ugly fellow free than he caught up a bag of gold which was lying among the roots, and ran off without even thanking the children.

10 A short time after this, Snow-White and Rose-Red went out to catch some fish for dinner. When they came to the edge of the stream, they saw something like a great grasshopper hopping about on the bank. As they ran up, they found that it was the little old dwarf.

"What is the matter?" asked Rose-Red. "Why are you jumping up and down?"

"Do you think I am a dunce?" he cried. "Don't you see that I have caught a big fish, and 20 that he has almost dragged me into the water?"

Then the children saw that the long beard of the dwarf was tangled in his line, and that the fish had indeed almost dragged him into the

water. They caught hold of him and pulled him back just in time. His long beard was so wound up in the line, that, in spite of all they could do, Snow-White had to take out her little scissors and cut it off again. This time only a little piece of the beard was left.

When the dwarf saw this, he was in a great rage. "Why did you cut my beard off so short?" he cried. "Am I to lose all that I have at your hands? I shall not dare to show my face." Talking in this way he picked up a bag of pearls, which he had hidden in a tuft of grass, and ran quickly away.

A few days later, the mother sent her two children to town to buy some ribbon and thread. Their path led across a field, and soon Snow-White saw a large bird flying round and round. At last he dropped to the ground, and at the same time they heard cries and shouts as if some one were being killed. The children ran up to the place and found that a great ugly bird had caught the dwarf in its claws, and was trying to fly away with him. The children did all they could to help the little man, and pulled and tugged so

hard, that at last the bird let go and flew off to the wood.

The dwarf at once began to scold and rage. "Why did you hold me so tight?" he cried. "You have pulled my new coat nearly off my back, you ugly children."

Then he picked up his bag of diamonds, and slipped away among the rocks. The little girls did not mind what he said in the least, but went
10 on to the town to buy the things for their mother.

On their way back, as they were crossing the same field, they came again upon the dwarf, who was counting over his diamonds in the shade of a big rock. The diamonds flashed and sparkled with such beautiful colors that the children could not take their eyes from them.

"Why are you standing there?" cried the dwarf, his face quite red with rage. Just then they heard a growl, and a huge black bear walked in upon
20 them.

The dwarf sprang up in a great fright, but he could not run, for the bear stood right in his way. Then he cried out and began to beg: "Dear Mr.

Bear, spare my life! I will give you all my gold, my pearls, and my diamonds, if you will only spare my life. See, I am nothing but a mouthful; but those two fat young girls will make you a good meal. Just eat them instead of me."

The bear, without a word, lifted his great paw, and with one stroke laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The children started to run away, but the bear called out to them: "Snow-White, Rose-Red, don't be afraid! Wait, and I will go home with you."

Then they knew his voice, and stood still, but as he came toward them, lo! what did they see! All at once the bearskin fell off, and out stepped a young man, with beautiful clothes and a smiling face.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and that wicked dwarf, after robbing me of nearly all my gold, changed me into a bear. I have not been able to catch the dwarf and kill him until to-day. His death has set me free at last, and I am glad to be a bear no longer."

Not many years after, Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother. Their mother took the two rose-bushes and set them out in the garden of the king's castle, and every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses.

THE MAGIC FIDDLE

THERE was once a rich miser and he had a servant, who served him truly and well. This servant was the first one up in the morning and the last to go to bed at night. If there were any thing to be done, he was ever ready to do it, and no matter how hard he had to work, he was always merry and happy.

After the servant had worked a whole year, he asked the miser for his wages, but the miser said, "Wait one year longer, and then I will pay you." 10 For he thought to himself, "I shall save by doing this, and the fellow is not so likely to run away."

The servant did not fancy this plan, but being a happy fellow, he said nothing, and worked for the miser another year. At the end of the second year, the miser again put him off, and said he would pay him at the end of the third year. When the end of the third year came, the servant said: "Master, I have served you truly and well for three

years. Pay me my wages, for I wish to go away and look about the world."

The miser answered: "Yes, my man, you have served me well, and you shall have your pay."

Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out three pennies. When he had placed these, one by one, in the servant's hand, the old miser said, "There, you have one penny for every year, and that is more than you would get from most
10 masters."

The good servant, who knew little about the worth of money, put the three pennies in his pocket, and started off to see the world.

He had gone only a short way when a little old man came out of the bushes beside the road, and cried: "Where are you going, my merry fellow? You sing as if there were not a care in the world."

"Why should I be sad," answered the servant, "when I have three years' wages in my pocket?"

20 "And pray how much is that?" asked the old man.

"How much? Why, three good pennies, to be sure," said the servant.

"Listen!" said the little old man, "I am very poor, and I cannot work any more. Give me your three pennies, for you are strong and can easily earn your bread."

Now the servant had a good heart, and he was sorry for the poor little man, so he gave him his three pennies, and said: "My friend, you need them more than I do. Take them, I shall not miss them."

Then the little man said: "I see what a good heart you have, and in turn I will give you three wishes, one for each penny; and I will give you a good word besides."

"Ah," said the servant, "you are a fairy I see. Very well, then; first, I wish for a gun which will always hit what I aim at. Second, I wish for a fiddle, which will make every one dance when I play. Third, I wish that no one shall be able to refuse whatever I ask."

"You shall have all three wishes," said the little old man. And diving into the bushes, he came out with a long gun and a beautiful red fiddle. These he gave to the servant, and said:

"One word, and I will go. Your master has cheated you. Your three years' work was worth a hundred times three pennies."

Then the servant was angry, and turned back to ask his master for the rest of his money.

He had not gone far, when he came upon the old miser looking at a bird in the bushes. "Ah," said the miser, "what a fine meal that bird would make, if I only had him!"

10 "If that is all," said the servant, "the bird shall soon come down."

He took aim, and down fell the bird into some thorn bushes. As soon as the miser had crept in among the thorns to pick up the bird, the servant took his fiddle and started to play. At once the old miser's legs began to shake, keeping time to the music, and in spite of all he could do, he had to spring up among the thorns and begin to dance.

The longer the servant played, the faster the 20 miser danced. The thorns tore his shabby coat, combed his long beard, and scratched him all over. "Alas, alas!" he cried, "put down your fiddle and stop playing or I shall be torn to pieces!"

But the servant let the old man dance a while longer, for he thought, "You have cheated many men in your time besides me, and the thorns shall not spare you now." So he played on and on, and the miser had to jump higher and higher, until his coat hung in rags about him.

"Do stop!" cried the miser. "I will give you anything you like if you will only stop. Take this bag; it is full of gold."

"Oh, well, if you are so free with your money," 10 said the servant, "I am quite ready to stop my music; but I must praise your dancing, for its equal I have never seen before." Then he took the bag and went on his way.

The miser stood in his rags and looked after the servant until he was out of sight. Then he cried with all his might: "You wicked fiddler, I will get even with you yet. I will chase you till the soles of your shoes drop off."

Then the miser ran to the judge in the nearest 20 town. "Just look here, Mr. Judge," he said; "see what has been done to me on the highroad by a wicked servant! The sight of me should

melt a heart of stone; my clothes and my body torn, and my bag of gold taken away! O dear, O dear! You must put the wretch in prison!"

Then the judge said: "How did it happen? Did the man use a sword?"

"Oh, no," cried the miser, "he had no sword; but he had a long gun, and a fiddle was hung around his neck. The man can be easily found."

So the judge sent out men after the faithful
10 servant, who had been walking slowly along. They soon came up to him and found the bag of gold in his pocket.

When the servant came before the judge, he said: "I did not lay my hand on the miser, nor did I take his money away. He gave it to me of his own free will, if I would only stop playing; for he said that he could not stand my music."

"What next?" cried the miser. "His lies are as thick as flies on the wall."

20 And the judge, who could not believe the servant, said: "You tell a very poor story. No man ever gave a bag of gold for such a thing as that." And he ordered the servant to be hung to the

gallows for robbing a man on the king's highway.

As the servant was being led to the gallows, the miser cried after him, "You dog of a fiddler, it is good enough for you!"

The servant climbed the ladder to the gallows, with the rope around his neck. Just before he got to the top, he turned, and said to the judge, "Let me do one thing before I die."

"So long as you ask not for your life," said the judge, "I will grant your wish."

"All I want," said the servant, "is to play my fiddle once more before I die."

Then the miser gave a loud cry, "Don't do it, Mr. Judge; don't let him do it!"

But the judge said, "Why should I refuse him? He may do it, and that is the end of it."

The judge could not have refused this last wish, even if he had wanted to, because of the fairy's gift to the servant.

Then the miser cried, "Alas, alas! tie me tight, tie me tight!"

The good servant took his fiddle and started to

play. At the first sound, all began to wag their heads: the judge, his clerk, the jailer, the hangman, and every one who had come to see the hanging.

At the second scrape, they all lifted their legs, and the hangman let go his hold of the servant that he might get ready to dance.

At the third scrape, they one and all jumped into the air and began to caper madly about, with the judge and the miser at the head.

10 Soon every one, old and young, fat and lean, was dancing as hard as he could. Even the dogs stood up on their hind legs and danced about with the rest. The longer the fiddler played, the higher they jumped, until at last the judge, quite out of breath, cried, "I give you your life, if you will only stop playing."

So the servant hung the fiddle around his neck, and came down the ladder. He went up to the miser, who lay, all tired out, on the ground, and 20 said to him, "Tell the truth about how I came by that money, or I will play again."

Then the miser told the judge the whole truth, and the judge ordered him to be hung on the gallows in place of the good servant.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time a poor wood-cutter lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut on the edge of a great forest. One morning, when he was going to his work, he said to his wife, "Let our oldest girl bring my dinner to me to-day, and in order that she may know which way to go, I will take a bag of seeds with me, and scatter them along my path."

When it was almost noon, the maiden took her father's dinner, and went along the path into the wood, but she soon lost her way, for the robins and the bluebirds and the sparrows had picked up the seeds which her father had dropped, so that she did not know which way to turn.

The girl went on and on, deeper into the wood, until night fell and she saw a little light twinkling through the trees. "Some one must be living where that light is," she thought, "and I am sure

I can stay there for the night." She ran on quickly, and soon came to a little house where she had seen the light.

She rapped at the door, and a rough voice cried, "Come in!" Then she stepped into a narrow, dark hall, and tapped at the door of the room. The same voice cried, "Come in!" And as she opened the door, she saw a little old man seated at a table; his chin rested on his hands, and his long
10 white beard almost reached the floor. In the next room, which looked like a stable, she saw a cock, a hen, and a spotted cow.

The maiden told the old man how she had lost her way in the wood, and asked him if she might stay in his little house for the night. Then the old man called to his animals: —

> "Oh, little chicks and spotted cow,
> The maid's request, shall we allow?"

The cock, the hen, and the cow seemed to bow
20 their heads in answer, and turning to the maiden, the old man said, "You will find here plenty to eat and drink, so go into the kitchen and cook the supper for us."

The girl soon found the food, and after cooking a good supper, she placed it on the table. Then she and the old man sat down and ate a hearty meal, but the poor animals had nothing.

After supper the girl said, "Kindly tell me where I can sleep, as I am very tired." There came a low voice from the next room, saying: —

"Oh, maid, take care,
How we shall fare,
For in our food 10
Will lie your good."

But the maiden was so sleepy that she did not notice what the voice had said.

The old man told the girl to go upstairs, where she would find two rooms, with a bed in each; and that she must shake the beds well, and make them both. The young maiden went quickly upstairs, made her own bed, and without thinking of the other, lay down and was soon fast asleep.

Not long after the old man came up to his room. 20 Finding his bed unmade, he sadly shook his head, and going softly into the room where the maiden lay asleep, he touched the bed with his hand, when

the bed, with the maiden on it, slowly sank through the floor into the cellar beneath.

The wood-cutter came home late in the evening, and said to his wife: "Why did you let me go all day without my dinner? Did I not tell you to send it to me by our oldest daughter?"

"It is not my fault," answered his wife. "I sent the girl with your dinner, but she must have lost her way in the wood. No doubt she will come
10 home all right to-morrow."

The next morning the wood-cutter again set off for the forest, and this time he asked his wife to send the second daughter with his dinner. "I will carry a bag full of peas with me to-day," he said, "and scatter them along my path. They are larger, and she can see them more easily than the seed."

But by noon, when the second daughter went with her father's dinner, the peas were gone, for
20 the birds of the wood had picked them all up.

She also went on and on into the forest, until at nightfall she saw the light and came to the little house. Going in as her sister had done, she found

the old man with the long, white beard, and the animals in the next room.

The maiden cooked the supper for the old man and herself, but she never thought of feeding the animals, and also forgot to make the old man's bed; so at night, while she slept, the man touched her bed and let it down into the cellar below, just as he had done to her sister.

On the third morning, the wood-cutter said to his wife, "You must send our youngest child with my dinner to-day; she is always good and kind, and will not lose her way as her sisters have done; for they like to run here and there like wild bees when they swarm."

But the mother would not listen to him. "No," she said, "I will not send my dearest child now that the others are gone."

"Never fear," said the father; "she cannot lose her way, for she has bright eyes; and besides, I will take a bag of white beans with me, and drop them along my path. She will be sure to see them and can easily find her way."

So the next day the mother, sad at heart, sent

her youngest daughter into the forest. The girl carried a basket of food on her arm, and though she found a few beans, yet so many had been picked up by the crows, hawks, and squirrels that she soon lost her way.

Like her sisters, the youngest daughter went on and on into the forest until night fell. Then she also found the little house, and going in, saw the old man with the long beard, and the animals
10 in the next room.

When the maiden had told her story, the little old man with the white beard said to his animals:

"Oh, little chicks, and spotted cow,
The maid's request, shall we allow?"

A low voice seemed to answer "yes," and they all nodded their heads. The little maiden went into the stable, smoothed the feathers of the cock and hen with her hand, and rubbed the spotted cow between the horns.

20 Then the old man told the girl to cook the supper. It was ready very quickly, and after placing the dishes on the table, she said to him: "Sit

down and eat your supper, while I go out to feed the animals. Do not wait for me; I shall be back soon."

The good girl found grain for the chickens, and gave the cow a lock of sweet hay and some meal. "Eat this, you dear animals," she said, "and if you are thirsty, I will bring you some fresh water." Then she brought them a pailful from the spring. The cock and the hen flew up on the edge of the pail, dipped in their beaks, and then lifted their 10 heads, while the cow took a long drink of the cool water.

After she had taken care of the animals, the maiden seated herself at the table, and ate what the old man had left for her.

In a little while the fowls hid their heads under their wings, the cow lay down, and the maiden said, "May I now go to sleep?"

Then the old man said: —

"Oh, little chicks, and spotted cow, 20
The maid's request, shall we allow?"

And the animals answered: —

"We feel that she
Our queen should be."

So the maiden went upstairs, shook both beds well, and made them, and after saying her prayers, was soon sound asleep.

That night when the clock struck twelve, the walls of the house began to creak and groan; the doors sprang open and struck against the walls; the rafters cracked as if their joints were broken;
10 the stairs were turning upside down; and at last there came a crash as if the roof and walls had fallen in. Then all was still.

By this time the maiden was in such a fright that she could not move, but when she found that she was not hurt in the least, and still in her warm little bed, she lay quite still, and at last went sound asleep again.

In the morning when the bright sunshine awoke the maiden, what a sight met her eyes! She was
20 lying in a fine large room, with beautiful rugs on the floor, and with chairs and tables of solid gold; while the walls were hung with shining silks. The bed was of ivory, and the covering of red

velvet; on a chair close by stood a pair of slippers, shining with pearls and diamonds.

The maiden thought she must be dreaming; but while she was looking about her, three servants came in, and asked what they could do for her.

"Nothing," she answered, "only go away, so I can get up and cook the old man's breakfast for him, and give those dear animals their food."

When the girl had dressed herself, and gone 10
downstairs, she met in the beautiful hall below a handsome young man, who said: "Dear maiden, I am a king's son, who was changed by a wicked witch into an old man, with a long, white beard. My castle was changed into a wooden house, and my servants into a cock, a hen, and a spotted cow. The charm could never be broken, unless a maiden came to visit us who had a loving heart, and who was as kind to animals as to men. You are that maiden; and last night while we slept you broke 20
the charm. The old wooden house was again made a royal castle, and the animals were given their former shape as my servants. I will now

send them to bring your father and mother to liv
with us, for I wish you to be my wife."

"But where are my sisters?" she asked.

"I have shut them up in the cellar," he answered
"but now they may come out, for they surely hav
learned by this time that they must always be kin
to animals"

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

THERE was once a sweet little girl who was loved by all who knew her. She had an old grandmother who loved her so well that she could not do too much for her. Once she sent her a cloak with a red velvet hood, and the little girl was so pleased with it that she would never wear anything else; and so she was given the name of Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her: "Come here, Red Riding Hood, I want you to go and see your 10 grandmother, and take her a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; for she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly, before it gets too hot, and do not stop on the way; but do not run or you will fall down and break the bottle, and then grandmother will have no wine. Do not forget to say 'good morning' to any one you may meet on the way."

"I will do just as you tell me," said Red Riding Hood.

Her grandmother lived in the wood, a half hour's walk from the village. When the little girl came to the forest, she met a wolf; but Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was so she was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf.

10 "Good morning, Mr. Wolf," she said.

"Where are you going so early, Red Riding Hood?" he asked.

"I am going to see my grandmother, sir," she said. "Mother baked yesterday, and she has sent me with a piece of cake and a bottle of wine, for grandmother is weak and ill, and they will do her good."

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

20 "A long way from here in the wood. Her house stands near three large oak trees; it is very easy to find," said Red Riding Hood.

Now the wolf thought: "This little girl will be

a sweet bite for me, and will taste much nicer than her old grandmother. But she would not make enough for a meal; I must eat them both up."

The wolf walked along with Red Riding Hood until they came to a part of the wood which was full of wild flowers. "Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood. Why don't you stop to rest and pick some of them? Do you hear how sweetly the birds are singing? Why do you walk straight on just as if you were going to school, when all is so bright out here in the woods?"

Then Red Riding Hood looked up, and saw the sun dancing between the leaves, and all the bright flowers in the grass, and she thought, "I am sure grandmother would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers; it is still early, and I shall have plenty of time to pick some."

So she left the path, and went out of her way into the wood to pick the flowers. Each time she picked one, she saw others even prettier farther on, and she went deeper and deeper into the wood.

But the wolf went straight on to the grandmother's cottage and rapped at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Red Riding Hood, with a cake and some wine in the basket. Open the door!"

"Lift the latch!" cried the old woman. "I am too weak to get up."

So the wolf lifted the latch. The door flew open, and he rushed in, sprang upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her all up at one mouthful. Then he shut the door, put on the old woman's nightdress and nightcap, and lay down in the bed to wait for Red Riding Hood.

After Red Riding Hood had picked as many flowers as she could carry, she found her way back to the right path, and walked on very fast until she came to her grandmother's house.

As she rapped at the door, the wolf cried out, "Who's there?" His voice was so gruff that little Red Riding Hood was at first afraid, until she thought her grandmother must have a cold.

So she said, "It's little Red Riding Hood;

mother has sent you a piece of cake and a bottle of wine."

"Lift up the latch and come in," said the wolf. And Red Riding Hood lifted the latch and went in.

When she saw her grandmother, as she thought, lying in bed, she went right up to her. But she could see only her head, for the wolf had drawn the bedclothes up under his chin, and then pulled the nightcap way down to his eyes. 10

"Oh, grandmother," she said, "what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"And, grandmother, what great hands you have!"

"The better to hold you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you 20 have!" cried Red Riding Hood, who had now begun to be afraid.

"The better to eat you!" cried the wolf. And

jumping from the bed, he took poor Red Riding Hood and ate her all up at one mouthful.

Then the wolf felt so sleepy that he lay down in bed, and snored so hard that he could be heard out-of-doors.

A hunter, who was going by with his gun, thought: "How the old woman snores! I must go in and see what is the matter."

He stepped into the room, and as he saw the
10 wolf on the bed, he said: "Ah, you old sinner! I have found you at last, and now I will shoot you." But then he thought of the old woman, and taking up a pair of scissors, he cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

At the first snip, the little red hood, and then the face of Red Riding Hood peeped out, and as he cut farther, up she jumped, saying, "Oh, I am so glad to get out; it was very dark in the wolf's stomach!"

Next they helped out the old grandmother, who
20 was still alive. After the hunter had shot the wolf, they all sat down, and ate up the cake which Red Riding Hood had brought. Then the hunter took the little girl safely home.

"Ah," thought Red Riding Hood, "after this, I shall always do as my mother tells me, and I shall never go from the straight path again, not even to pick pretty flowers."

TOM THUMB

ONE evening a poor farmer sat in the kitchen poking the fire, while his wife sat spinning near him. At last he said, "What a sad thing it is that we have no little boy or girl to make our lives happy and bright."

"Yes," said his wife, "even if it were a little boy no bigger than my thumb, how happy I should be! We should love him with all our hearts."

Now some time after this she had a little boy, who was strong and well, but who was no bigger than your thumb. Then she said, "Well, our wish has come to pass, and, small as he is, we shall love him dearly." And because he was so tiny, they called him Tom Thumb.

He was given the best of food, but the child grew no bigger and no taller than he was the day he was born. Still he had bright eyes, and it was soon plain that he was far more clever than most

children of his age; more than this, he was lucky in all that he tried to do.

One day when the father was all ready to go into the forest to cut wood, he said: —

"I wish I had a man to drive the horse and cart after me."

"Oh, father," cried little Thumb, "I can drive the horse. Please let me do it. I can drive as well as a man."

Then his father laughed and said: "How can that be? Why, you are much too small to even hold the reins."

"Never mind how small I am," said the boy. "You can go as soon as you like. If mother will only harness the horse for me, I will take a seat on his ear and tell him which way to go."

"Well," said his father, "I will let you try once to see what you can do." So off he went into the forest, and when the time came, the mother harnessed the horse in the cart, and seated Tom Thumb on his ear.

"Get up," shouted the little man into the ear, and the horse started on. When a turn came, little

Thumb cried, "Gee!" And the horse did just as he was told.

Soon he came to the wood, and as the horse and cart were turning into a path, two strange men came along. They stood still in wonder, for they heard the voice of the driver, and saw the horse take the right turn, but no one was to be seen.

"Halloo," cried one of the men, "that is a queer thing. Let us follow and see where the cart stops."

10 The cart went on into the deep forest, and came quite safely to the place where Tom's father was cutting wood.

As soon as little Tom saw his father, he cried out: "See, father, I have brought the horse and cart. Can't I drive well? Now, please, lift me down." The father held the horse with one hand and placed his little son on the ground with the other. Then Tom sat down on a chip, looking as proud as a king.

20 As soon as the two strangers saw little Thumb, they were filled with wonder, and one of them said to the other: "That little chap would fill our pockets with gold if we could show him to

the people in the large towns. Let us try to buy him."

So they went up to the farmer, and said, "Sell us this little man, and we will take the very best care of him."

"No, indeed," said the farmer. "I would not part with him for all the gold in the world."

But while they were talking, little Thumb had climbed upon his father's coat. He spoke so softly that the strangers could not hear, "Father, let me go with these men, I will be sure to come back to you and mother again." So the father gave him up for a large bag of gold.

"How can we carry you?" asked the men.

"Oh," said little Thumb, "put me on the brim of your hat, for there I can walk about, and see where I am going. I will take care not to fall off." They did as he wished, and as soon as little Thumb had said good-by to his father, the two men walked away with him.

They went on till nightfall, when little Thumb, who was tired of sitting on the hat, said, "Stop; let me down, please!" "Stay where you are,

little one," said the man. "No, no," cried Tom Thumb, "I know best what to do. You must lift me down." So the man took off his hat and placed it on the ground beside the road.

Quick as a wink, Tom Thumb sprang from the hat, ran through the grass, and jumped into the nest of a field-mouse which he had seen from his seat on the man's hat. "Good-by, my friends, you may go home without me now," he cried.

10 They tried to catch him by poking their sticks into the mouse's hole, but it did them no good, for little Thumb crept to the farthest corner of the nest. At last it grew so dark that the men could not see, and, in a great rage, they had to go on without him.

As soon as little Thumb was sure that the men were gone, he crept out of his hole. At first he did not know what to do. "It will not be safe for me to cross this field in the dark," he thought, "for
20 I shall surely break my legs or my neck if I do."

All at once he caught sight of an empty snail-shell. "Oh, how lucky!" he said, "for I can sleep in there very well."

So in he crept; but just as he was going to sleep, he heard the voices of two men who were planning to rob the parson's house. One said, "How shall we get hold of his gold and silver?"

"I can tell you," shouted Tom.

"What was that?" asked one of the robbers, in a fright. "I heard some one speak."

Then Tom shouted again, "Take me with you, and I will help you."

"Where are you?" asked the robbers. 10

"Just look on the ground and see where the noise comes from," said Tom."

At last the robbers found him and lifted him up. "You little mite, how can you help us?" they said.

"Try me," cried little Thumb. "Why, I can creep through the iron bars of the window into the parson's room, and hand out just what you want."

"All right," they said, "we will take you along 20 and see what you can do, for at least you cannot harm us."

The robbers never thought of little Thumb's

loud, shrill voice, so they let him creep throug the bars into the parson's room. As soon as To was inside, he cried out as loud as he could, "D you want all there is in the room?"

"Hush, do not make a noise!" cried the rob bers in a fright. "Speak lower, or you will wak the parson."

But little Thumb did not heed what they sai in the least, and kept crying out as loud as ever 10 "What shall I give you first? Do you wan everything?"

The cook, who slept in the next room, awok with a start at the sound of Tom's shrill voice She jumped out of bed, and being in the dark, ran right into the door. When the robbers heard this noise, they took to their heels, and ran as if they would never stop.

The girl now went for a light, and while she was gone, little Thumb slipped out of the win 20 dow and hid in the barn, so that she did not even see him. After a good search in every corner, she went back to bed and thought it all a dream.

Little Thumb made a snug bed in the hay, and

was soon dreaming of his mother and home; but, alas, there were other dangers awaiting him.

When the cook got up the next morning, she went out to give the cows their hay, and as it happened, she threw down the very bundle upon which little Thumb was sleeping. Before he awoke, the cow had taken him right into her mouth.

"O dear," cried little Thumb, "what great mill is this!" But there was little time for thought, since he had to jump about to keep from being chewed by her teeth; at last he was forced down the old cow's throat. "Some one has left out the windows in this house," he said, "and I find no candles to light."

Worst of all, more and more hay came in at the door, until there was very little room in which to move. When Tom could stand it no longer, he cried out, "No more hay, please, no more hay!"

Now the cook, who was milking the cow, as soon as she heard him speak, knew the voice for the very one she had heard in the night. In great alarm she screamed out, tipped over her stool, up-

set the milk-pail, and ran to the parson, crying "Oh, sir, the cow has been talking."

"You are mad," he answered. But he went into the stable to see what was the matter. Just as soon as he set his foot within the door, little Thumb cried out: "No more hay! I don't want any more hay!" Then even the parson was afraid, and thought that some old demon had bewitched his cow; so he ordered her to be
10 killed.

After the cow had been killed, her stomach, in which Tom was hidden, was thrown away. It was hard work for Tom to crawl through the hay, and just as he poked out his head, a hungry wolf ran by and ate up the whole stomach at one bite.

Still Tom was not afraid, and he called out to the wolf, "Mr. Wolf, I know where you can find the best dinner you ever ate."

20 "And where is that?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, at a house not far from here," said Tom. "You must squeeze through the bars of the store-room window, and there you will find cakes, and

gingerbread, and ham, and beef; as much as you can eat." And he went on and told the wolf just how to find his father's house.

"Well," said the wolf, "you seem to know what you are talking about, and if what you say is true, we shall both have a good dinner."

So the wolf ran on till he came to the house, where he pushed through the bars, and ate and ate until he could eat no longer. But when he tried to get out again the same way he came in, he had grown so fat that he could not squeeze through the bars. This was just what Tom wanted, and he began to shout, and make a great noise inside the wolf's body.

"Hush," said the wolf, "you will wake up all the men in the house."

"All right," answered Tom, "you have had a great time eating, and now I am going to make all the noise I can." And he began to shout with all his might.

At last his father and mother woke up, ran to the storeroom, and looked through the crack of the door. As soon as they saw the wolf, the

father got his axe, and the mother a long knife.

"You keep behind me," said Tom's father, "and if I don't kill him at the first blow, you cut him with your long knife."

When Tom Thumb heard his father's voice, he cried out, "Dear father, here I am inside the wolf's body."

The father cried for joy, and told his wife to
10 throw away the long knife, so that Tom might not be hurt. Then he struck the wolf on the head with his axe, and killed him at the first blow. When they had cut open the wolf's body, little Thumb hopped out.

"Ah," said his father, "how lonely we have felt without you! Where have you been all this time?"

"In a mouse's hole, a cow's stomach, and inside a wolf," Tom answered; "but now I shall stay
20 with you."

"And we shall never sell you again, not for all the silver and gold in the world," said his father and mother.

Then they gave the little fellow food and drink, and new clothes, for those he had on were old and worn out by his travels. The bag of gold, which the two men had paid for Tom Thumb, was gladly sent back by Tom's father and mother, and all three lived happily together for the rest of their lives.

THE BLUE LIGHT

ONCE there was a soldier who had served his king bravely and well, but in his many battles he had been wounded so often that he was no longer able to carry a gun.

So the selfish king said: "You can go home now, as you are of no further use to me. I can only pay those who are able to work."

The soldier, who did not know what to do for a living, went sadly away. He walked along for many days, until at last he reached a wood. As darkness fell, he saw a light, and when he drew near, he found it came from a little house in which lived an old witch.

The soldier, not being afraid even of witches, went boldly up to the house, and asked the old woman for a bed to sleep in and for something to eat and drink.

"Oh ho!" she said, "do you think I would give anything to a runaway soldier?" But at last she agreed that if he would do some work for her, she would take him in.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the soldier.

"To-morrow," said the old witch, "I want you to dig up my garden."

This the soldier said he would gladly do. The next day he worked as hard as he could, but when night came, the garden was not finished.

"I see," said the witch, "that you are not able to do it all; but I will keep you one night more, and to-morrow you shall split some logs for the fireplace."

The next day the soldier did what he could toward splitting the logs, and in the evening the witch said that he might stay another night.

"To-morrow," she said, "your work will be very easy. There is an old dry well behind my house, and my light, which burns blue and never goes out, has fallen into it. I wish you to go down into the well, and bring it up for me."

So the next morning the witch led the soldier to the well, and as it was very deep, she let him down in the bucket.

The soldier soon found the light, and taking it in his hand, he told the witch to pull him up; but when he was near the top of the well, the witch put out her hand, and tried to take the light away from him.

"Ah ha!" thought the soldier, "I see what you
10 would like to do." So he said, "Not so fast, old lady; you do not get this light till I have both my feet safe on the ground."

The witch then flew into a rage, and let him fall back into the well again, and left him there. The poor soldier fell on the moss without doing him any harm, while the blue light burned as brightly as ever. But his life was of little value to him, for unless help came, he knew that he should starve.

20 Now our brave soldier was feeling very sad, when he happened to put his hand into his pocket, where he found his pipe still half full.

"This is the last pleasure I shall ever have," he

thought, as he lit his pipe with the blue light, and began to smoke. All at once a little man came up to him, and said, "What do you wish, O master?"

At first the soldier could hardly speak. Then he said, "Where did you come from, and what do you mean?"

"I mean that I must do anything you tell me to do," said the little man.

"Oh, if that is so," said the soldier, "the first thing you may do is to get me out of this well."

So the man took him by the hand, opened a little square door, and led him through a long passage; but the soldier did not forget to take the blue light with him.

On the way the old man pointed out great heaps of gold which the witch had piled up, and the soldier took as much as his pockets would hold.

When they came to the top of the well, the soldier said to the little man, "Now, go; tie the old witch and take her to the judge." And before long he saw her sailing through the air on a broomstick, with the little man close at her heels.

Soon after, the old man came back, and said: "Everything has been done as you ordered, and the witch hangs on the gallows. What other order have you, my master?"

"Nothing, just now," said the soldier. "You may go home; but be at hand when I call."

"You have only to light your pipe at the blue light, and I shall be with you," said the little man. And then he went away.

10 The soldier walked back to the town where the king had his castle, and bought some new clothes. Then he went to an inn, and told the innkeeper to give him the best room in the house.

As soon as he was alone, the soldier lit his pipe at the blue light, and when the little black man appeared, he said: "I served my king long and well, but he sent me away to die of hunger. Now I wish to treat him as he has treated me."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the little 20 man.

"Late at night, when the king is asleep in his bed, bring him still sleeping to me, and I will make him brush my clothes and shine my boots."

"This is a very easy thing for me to do," said the little man, "but it will go hard with you if it is found out."

As the clock struck twelve, the door sprang open, and in came the little man leading the king.

"Ah, here you are," cried the soldier to the king; "set about your work at once. Come, brush off my coat."

When this had been done, the soldier sat down, and ordered the king to take off his boots; then 10 he made him pick them up and clean them. The king did everything in silence, and with half-closed eyes, for he was really sound asleep.

At the first cock-crow, the little man carried the king away to his castle, and put him back in bed.

The next morning the king called his wise men about him, and told them his wonderful dream.

"I was taken through the streets at great speed, 20 and to a room where there was a man with a mask on, whom I had to serve by doing all kinds of mean work. I even had to brush his coat and clean his

boots. To be sure it was only a dream, and yet I am as tired this morning as if I had really done it all."

"Your dream could not have been true," said the wise men, "but to-night you can fill your pocket with peas, and cut a little hole in it, then if you are really carried away, the peas will drop out, and your path can easily be followed."

Now what the wise men said was heard by the little man. That night when he again carried off the king, though the peas fell out of his pocket, yet they did no good; for the little man had thrown peas over all the streets of the town. So the king had to do the soldier's work till cock-crow.

The next morning the king sent out his servants to follow the peas, but they could not do so, since in every street the poor children were picking them up, and saying, "It must have rained peas in the night."

Then the wise men thought of a better plan, and said to the king, "Keep your shoes on when you go to bed, and before you come away from the

place where you are taken, hide one of them; then you can search the city until it is found."

The little man heard of this plan also, and when the soldier ordered him to bring the king again, he said, "Do not do it, for this time I cannot guard you against their plans."

"Do what I tell you," answered the soldier. And for the third time the king was brought and made to work like a servant; but before he went away, he hid one of his shoes under the bed. 10

The next morning the king ordered his servants to hunt for the shoe through the whole town. It was soon found in the soldier's room.

The soldier, warned by the little man, had run away, but before he had gone far he was caught and thrown into prison. In his flight the unlucky fellow had left the blue light and his money at the inn, but he still had one gold piece in his pocket.

As he stood at his prison window, loaded with 20 chains, he saw one of his fellow-soldiers going by. He called out to him, and said, "If you will bring to me the little bundle I left behind at the inn, I

will give you this gold piece." The friend said he would gladly help him, and soon brought the soldier his bundle.

When he was alone, the soldier lighted his pipe at the blue light, and the little man was once more with him.

"Ah, what shall I do?" cried the soldier.

"Don't be afraid," said the little man; "go where they take you, but keep tight hold of the
10 blue light."

The next day a trial was held, and though they could prove nothing, the judge told the poor soldier that he must be hung. When he was led out to the gallows, he asked a last favor of the king.

"What do you wish?" asked the king.

"I pray, O king," said the soldier, "that I may smoke one last pipe."

"You may indeed do that," said the king; "but
20 do not be too long about it."

Then the soldier drew out his pipe, and lighted it at the blue light. When the first rings of smoke arose, the little black man came with a short thick

stick in his hand, and said, "What are my master's orders?"

"Strike down the false judge, and the king, and the hangman, and the sheriffs, and the lords."

Then the little man flew about, as quick as a wink, from this one to that one, and whoever he touched with his stick fell to the ground and could not move.

At last the king had so great a fear for his life and his kingdom that he promised the soldier if 10 he would only call off the little man, he would give him a full pardon, and let him marry his daughter, the princess.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

ONCE upon a time, there lived a miller who had a beautiful daughter.

Now it happened that the miller had to visit the king's castle, and while he was going through the garden, he met the king face to face. The king, seeing the poor miller, spoke to him kindly, and the miller, who wished to be thought very rich, told the king that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold.

10 "Ah," said the king, "that is a great art, and I should like above all things to have your daughter come to the castle and spin for me."

Then indeed the miller was afraid, but he had to do as the king ordered, and so the next day he brought his daughter to the castle.

The greedy king, who loved gold above all things, led the poor girl into a room filled with

straw, in the middle of which stood a spinning-wheel with many spindles about it.

"There," said the king, "is your spinning-wheel and here is the straw. If you do not spin all of it into gold by to-morrow morning, your head shall be cut off." Then he left the maiden, and carefully locked the door behind him.

The poor girl could only sit and weep, for she had not the least idea how to spin straw into gold. In the midst of her tears the door flew open, and a little old man with bandy legs and a fiery red nose sprang into the room. Taking off his long peaked cap, he bowed low to the maiden, and said: "Good evening, my dear young lady. What is the cause of these tears?"

"Alas," answered the girl, "I am here by order of the king, who has told me that I must spin this straw into gold or lose my life."

Then the manikin said, "What will you give me if I will spin it for you?"

"This string of gold beads," answered the maiden.

The little man took the beads, slipped them

into his pocket, and sat down before the spinning-wheel. Hardly had the wheel begun to sing its whir, whir, whir, when the maiden saw that the spindle was filled with the finest of spun gold. Again the wheel went humming round, and again the spindle was filled. The little man kept so busily at work that before long all the straw was gone, and in its place were spindles full of gold.

The next morning at sunrise the king unbolted
10 the door, and his greedy eyes were filled with joy at sight of the golden spindles.

These riches made the king even more greedy than before, and leading the maiden into a still larger chamber, where there was a great pile of straw, he said, "Young woman, if you value your life, you must spin this straw into gold before to-morrow's sun." Then he turned and left the room.

The maiden's eyes filled with tears at sight of
20 this huge heap of straw, and sitting down, she began to weep.

All at once the door opened, and in jumped the manikin. Going up to the weeping maiden, he

took off his pointed cap, and said, "What will you give me if I help you again, and spin this straw into gold?"

"The ring from my finger," said the maiden.

The little man took the ring and put it in his pocket. Then sitting down before the spinning-wheel, he began to spin and spin, and so quickly did he work, that long before daylight the straw had all been turned into gold.

The next morning when the king looked upon the heap of golden spindles, he thought it the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. But the pile of gold only made him eager for more, and taking the maiden by the hand, he led her to a still larger chamber quite full of straw; indeed, there was hardly room for the girl to sit with her spinning-wheel.

As the king was about to leave the room, he said to the maiden: "This straw you must also spin into gold before to-morrow's sun, or you shall die. But if you can do the task, I will marry you and make you queen over my whole kingdom." "For," thought the king, "though she is only a

miller's daughter, yet with her spinning-wheel she can make me the richest king in the world."

Hardly had the door closed behind the king, when the little man came hopping and skipping into the room, and taking off his pointed cap, he said, "What will you give me if I will spin this straw for you as I have done before?"

"Alas," answered the maiden, "I have nothing more to give."

10 "In that case," said the manikin, "I cannot help you, unless you will promise to give me your first child after you have become queen."

"Well," thought the maiden, "it is my only hope, and who knows what may happen." So she gave her promise to the little man.

Then the manikin sat down at the spinning-wheel, and soon the wheel began to whir, and the spindles were filled with gold.

When the king opened the door the next morn-
20 ing and saw the beautiful maiden sitting in the midst of the golden spindles, he was very glad to keep his promise, and the poor miller's daughter became queen over the whole kingdom.

About a year afterward a beautiful little prince was born in the castle. The queen had forgotten all about her promise to the little man, until one evening he came into the room and asked her to give him her child. The queen was so filled with terror that she fell on her knees, and begged the little man to take all the riches of the kingdom, but to leave her the child.

"No," said the little man, "I will not do it. Something living will please me more than all the riches in the world."

Then the queen began to weep and to beg so hard for her child that at last the little man had pity upon her, and said, "I will give you one chance; if within three days you can guess my name, you shall keep your child."

The queen lay awake that night thinking of all the names she had ever heard. In the morning men were sent to every part of the kingdom to write down the strangest names they could find.

The next evening the little man came again, and the queen began to call off to him all the names

that she had found: Casper, Melchior, Balgar, and many, many others. But at each one the little man shook his head, and said, "No, that is not my name."

The second day the queen had her servants go from house to house through the town and take down the name of every man, woman, and child. When the little man came that evening, she had a long list of strange names to give him. "Perhaps
10 your name is Cowribs, Spindleshanks, or Lacelegs," she said. But he answered to each one, "No, that is not my name."

On the third day, the men came back who had been sent over the kingdom to search for new names. The queen could get no help from them, until at last one came, who said: "I have not been able to find any new names, but on the side of a high mountain in the deep woods I heard a fox wish good-night to a rabbit. Soon I came
20 upon a little house in front of which a fire was burning. Around this fire danced a little man with a pointed cap and a nose which was fiery red, and as he went hopping and jumping about,

first on one leg and then on the other, he sang: —

"My baking and brewing I'll do to-day,
The Queen's son to-morrow I'll take away,
No wise man can show the queen where to begin,
For my name, to be sure, is Rumpelstiltskin."

The queen clapped her hands for joy. She knew that at last she had found the name of the queer little man. Having sent the servant away with a bag of gold, she waited for the manikin to 10 come to her.

Soon the little fellow came hopping and skipping up to the queen, and said, "Now, O queen, this is your last chance to tell me my name."

Then the queen asked, "Is your name Conrad?"

"No."

"Henry?"

"No."

"Then your name is Rumpelstiltskin."

"The fairies have told you! the fairies have told 20 you!" shouted the little man. He became so angry that in his rage he stamped his right foot

into the ground with such force that he sank up to his knee in the earth. This made him more angry still, and taking hold of his left leg with both hands, he pulled so hard that he tore himself quite in two.

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

ONCE upon a time in a small town not far from the king's castle there lived a poor woman with her only son. Now this son was born very lucky, and it was said by a wise fairy that in his nineteenth year he should marry the king's daughter.

Soon after the fairy had said this, the king came to the town; but as no one knew that he was the king, the story reached his ears that there was a little child in the village who was born very lucky, and who, a good fairy had said, would marry the king's daughter.

Now the king had a wicked heart, and was very angry when he heard this, so he went to the mother of the little boy, and said: "I am very rich. Give me your little child to bring up for my own."

At first the mother would not listen to him, but when the king offered to give her a large

bag of gold, and told her that if the child was born lucky, everything must turn out well with him, she at last gave him up.

The king put the little one in a box, and rode along until he came to a deep river, when getting down from his horse, he threw the box far out into the stream, saying, "That child, at least, shall never marry a princess of mine."

But the box did not sink; it floated like a boat
10 on the water, and so high above it, that not a drop could get inside. The box sailed on and on, till it came to a place where there was a mill and a dam, and it could go no farther.

The miller's man, who was standing near, saw the box, and thought that it might hold something of value. He drew it on shore with a hook, and when he opened it, there lay a beautiful child, alive and well.

The man took it in to the miller and his wife, and
20 as they had no children, the good people were glad to have the little boy for their own. They were sure that God had sent him as a gift.

The little boy grew big and strong. He was

truthful and honest, and the miller was very proud of him.

Now it happened one day that the king, while riding by the mill, stopped and begged the good miller for a glass of water. Seeing the fine-looking young man close by, he asked the miller if he were his son.

"No," answered the miller, "he is not. Nineteen years ago a box was seen on the mill stream by one of my men, and when it was opened, this 10 child was found inside."

Then the king knew that this must be the child whom he had thrown into the water, and he said to the miller, "I want to send a letter to the queen, and if that young man will take it to her, I will give him two pieces of gold."

"He will gladly do what you wish," answered the miller. And he told the young man to get ready.

Then the king wrote a letter to the queen in 20 which he said, "As soon as the boy who brings this letter comes to the castle, have him put to death at once."

The young man started off with the letter, but as night came on, he lost his way. After walking for some time, he at last came to a small stone house. The door was open, so he went in, and there was an old woman sitting by the fire, quite alone. When she saw him, she cried out, "Where did you come from, and what did you want?"

"I come from my father's mill," he said, "and I have a letter to the queen. As I have lost my
10 way, I should like very much to stay here for the night."

"You poor young man," said the old woman, "you are in a den of robbers, and when they come home, they will kill you."

"They may come as soon as they like," said the young man, "I have no fear of them; but I am so tired that I cannot go a step farther to-night."

Then he lay down on a bunch of straw, and fell fast asleep.

20 Soon after, the robbers came home, and were very angry when they saw the young man lying asleep on the straw.

"Ah," said the old woman, "he is nothing but

a boy who has lost his way in the wood. I took him in, for he was all tired out. He carries a letter to the queen, which the king has sent."

Then the robbers went softly to the sleeping boy, took the letter from his pocket, and read what the cruel king had written — that the boy was to lose his life as soon as he had brought the letter to the castle.

Then the robbers, who had no love for the king, tore up this letter, and in its place wrote one which said that as soon as the boy came to the castle, he should be married to the king's daughter; then they carefully put it back into the same pocket. The next morning when the young man awoke, the robbers were kind to him, and showed him which road to take.

When the queen had read the letter, she did just as the king had ordered. She gave a great marriage feast, and had the princess married at once to the young man. This the princess was glad to do, for it was plain to every one that besides being handsome, he was also good and kind.

The very day of the marriage, the king came

home, and found that the child whom he tried to kill was indeed married to his daugh as the good fairy had foretold.

"How did it happen?" asked the angry ki "My letter did not tell you to do this."

The queen gave him the letter, and said, "Re it for yourself."

The king read the letter and saw at once th it had been changed. He then asked the youn man what he had done with the letter he had give to him.

The young man answered, "I did nothing t your letter, but it may be that the robbers change it while I was asleep in the wood."

Then the king said, "You have married my daughter, but you cannot have her until you have brought me three golden hairs from the head o the demon."

"I will bring the golden hairs to you," said the lucky young man, "for I am not afraid of the demon in the least."

So the young man said good-by to the princess and went on his way. His road led him to a large

city, and as he stood at the gate waiting to go in, the gate-keeper said to him, "What can you do, and how much do you know?"

"I know everything," answered the young man.

"Then you are just the one we want," said the gate-keeper, "if you can tell why our master's spring, which used to flow red wine, is now dried up and never gives us even water."

"Wait till I come back," he answered, "and this I will surely tell you." 10

He went on still farther, until he came to another town, where the gate-keeper also asked him what he could do and how much he knew.

"I know everything," he answered.

"Then," said the gate-keeper, "you are just the man we want, if you can tell us why a tree in our town which once bore golden apples now has only leaves."

"Wait till I come back," answered the young man, "and this I will surely tell you." 20

He went on still farther, until he came to a wide river, where there was a ferryboat and a ferryman. The ferryman also asked him what he could do

and how much he knew, and the young man again answered that he knew everything.

"Then," said the ferryman, "you are just the one I want. Tell me how it is that I have to row over and back in my ferryboat every day, and can never once stop."

"Wait till I come back," answered the young man, "and then I will tell you."

As soon as he came to the other side of the river, he found the door to the demon's cave. It was dark and gloomy, and the demon was not at home; but his grandmother was there sitting on a stool. When she saw the youth, she said: "What do you want? You don't look wicked enough to be in this place."

"All I want," answered the young man, "are three golden hairs from the demon's head, and if I do not get them, my wife will be taken away from me."

"You ask a great deal," answered the old woman. "If the demon comes home and finds you here, he will surely kill you; but if you will trust me, I will try to help you."

So she turned the young man into an ant. Then she said, "Creep into the folds of my dress; there you will be safe."

"Yes," he answered, "that is all very well; but I also have three things that I want to ask about. First, why a spring which used to flow with wine should now be dry; second, why a tree that once bore golden apples should now have nothing but leaves; and third, why a ferryman has to row his boat over the river all day long, without ever having a rest."

"Those are hard nuts to crack," said the old woman, "but keep still, and when the demon comes home, give heed to everything that he says, while I pull the golden hairs out of his head."

When the demon came home, he looked all around, and said: "I feel as if everything were not right. I seem to smell the flesh of man. I am sure there is some one here." So he looked into all the corners, and went all over his cave, but he could find nothing.

Then the old grandmother said: "Why do you stir up everything in the house, and make my work

harder for me? Do come and sit down and eat your supper!"

At last the demon did as she told him, and after he had eaten, he said that he was tired. He lay down with his head in the grandmother's lap, and when he was fast asleep, she took a golden hair between her thumb and finger, and quickly pulled it out.

"Oh!" cried the demon, waking up, "why did
10 you do that?"

"I had a bad dream," answered the old woman, "and it made me catch hold of your hair."

"What did you dream about?" asked the demon.

"Oh, I dreamed of a spring from which wine used to flow, but now it is dry, and they can't even get water from it. What do you think is the reason?"

"Why," said the demon, "if the dunces only
20 knew, there sits a frog under a stone in the spring, and if he were killed, the wine would flow as of old."

The old woman again smoothed his hair till he

fell asleep, and snored so hard that the windows rattled. Then she pulled out the second hair.

"What are you about?" cried the demon in a rage.

"Don't be angry," said the woman, "I had another dream."

"And what was this dream about?" asked the demon.

"Why, I dreamed this time that a tree, which used to bear beautiful golden apples, now has nothing but leaves. What is the cause of it?"

"The dunces ought to know," answered the demon, "that there is a mouse nibbling at the root of the tree. If the mouse were dead, the tree would once more bear the golden apples; but take care not to wake me up again, or I will give you a box on the ear."

So the old woman spoke kindly to him, and smoothed his hair, till he fell asleep and snored. Then she took hold of the third golden hair, and pulled it out.

The demon sprang to his feet in a great rage,

but at last, when he had grown more quiet, the old woman said, "How can I help my bad dreams?"

"And what did you dream this time?" he asked.

"Well, I dreamed about a ferryman who says that he can do nothing but row and row, and can never let go his oar."

"Oh, the stupid fellow," said the demon, "he can easily ask any one who wants to be ferried over to take the oar, and then he will be free at once."

10 Now the demon lay down for the third time, and as the old grandmother had pulled out the three golden hairs, and had found out what she wished to know, she let him sleep until daylight.

The next morning, after the demon had left, the old woman took the ant from the folds of her dress, and gave the lucky youth his former shape. "Here are the three golden hairs," said she, "and I know you must have heard what the demon said."

20 "Yes," he answered, "I heard every word, and I shall not soon forget."

"Well, then," said the old woman, "you must now go home just as fast as you can."

After thanking the woman for her kindness, the young man turned his steps toward home, full of joy at his good luck.

When he came to the ferry, the ferryman again asked how he could be freed from his task.

"Ferry me over first," he answered, "and then I will tell you."

As the young man stood on the other side of the river, he thought of the demon's words, and said: "The next man who comes to be ferried over, you should ask to help you, and place the oar in his hands. You will at once be freed from the work, and he will have to take it up."

Then the youth went on till he came to the town where the gate-keeper was waiting to find out about the tree. The young man said to him, "Kill the mouse that is eating at the root of the tree, and it will again bear golden apples." The gate-keeper thanked him, and gave him two donkeys with sacks full of gold on their backs, and a man to lead them.

The young man soon reached the town which had the dry spring. The gate-keeper came up,

and said, "Are you ready to tell me what is the matter with the spring?" And the youth answered: "Under a stone in the spring sits a frog. It must be found and killed. Then will wine flow from the spring as before." And this gate-keeper also gave the young man two donkeys with sacks full of gold on their backs, and a man to lead them.

The young man reached home with his riches, and the princess was full of joy at seeing him again. When he placed before the king the three golden hairs, and brought up the four donkeys with the bags of gold, the king was pleased, and said: "Now that you have done what I ordered, you may have the princess; but first tell me how you got all this gold. Where did you find it?"

The young man answered: "I went over a river in a ferryboat, and there found the magic words which gave me the gold."

"Ah," thought the greedy old king, "if a young boy could find gold in this way, surely I could find much more."

Setting out, the king soon found the ferry and

the ferryman, just as the youth had told him. He shouted to the ferryman, "Come here, my good man, and take me over."

Now it happened that the king was the first one to pass over the ferry since the young man had told him what to do, and no sooner did the boat touch the farther shore, than the ferryman thrust the oar into the king's hands, and hopped out of the boat.

The king was wild with rage, but try as he would, he could not let go the oar. And to this 10
day, so far as we know, the wicked old king is rowing the ferryboat over and back, over and back, for he has never found any one who would take the oar from his hand.

THE QUEEN BEE

A KING once had two sons who were called very bright, yet they wasted their time and money, and were hardly ever at home. They had a younger brother, whom they called stupid because he was so quiet and simple in his ways. They used to make fun of him and mock him, for he was true and honest.

One day all three brothers went to walk, and on their way, they came to an ant-hill. The two
10 older brothers wanted to break down the ant's home, in order to see how the little ants would run about in their fright, and carry their eggs away to a place of safety; but the youngest brother said: "No, no, leave the poor things alone. I do not like to see them hurt." And he made the brothers go on without touching the ant-hill.

As they walked along, they came to a lake, on which many ducks were swimming. The brothers

wished to catch one or two of them to eat; but the youngest brother said: "Let the poor birds alone. Why should you kill any of them?" So the ducks were not harmed.

The three brothers walked on again until at last they came to a tree, in which was a swarm of wild bees. The two older brothers wanted to light a fire under the tree in order to kill the bees with the smoke, so that they might take away the honey and not be stung; but the youngest brother again held them back, and said: "Let the little bees alone. They like to live as well as we do."

Again they did as he said, and the three brothers walked on till they came to a castle, in the stable of which stood horses of pure stone. They went all through the rooms of the castle until they came to a door which had three locks. In the middle of this door was a little hole, through which one could see into the next room.

Each of the brothers looked through in turn, and saw a very old man sitting at a table. They called to him once, and he did not hear; they called to him twice, and he did not hear; but the

third time they gave a great shout. At last the little old man arose, opened the three locks, and came out. Even then he said not a word, but led them to a table spread with food and drink. When they had finished eating, he gave them soft beds to sleep on, and left them for the night.

The next morning the little old man came to the oldest brother, and led him to a stone table on which three lines were written.

10 The first line read: "In the wood under the moss lie the pearls of the king's daughter. There are just a thousand of these pearls, and he who can find them all in one day, before the sun sets, will free the castle from its magic spell; but he who shall look for the pearls and not find them all before the sun goes down, shall be turned to stone."

When the oldest brother read these words, he made up his mind to try to find the pearls. So he 20 dug all day under the moss and leaves, but when the sun set, he had found only one hundred of them; and just as the lines had read, he was turned to stone.

The next day the second brother went to look for the pearls, but he had no better luck than his brother; and at sunset he too was turned to stone.

On the third day came the turn of the youngest brother. He had just begun to look under the leaves and moss, when he saw a great army of ants running here and there over and under the leaves. It was not long before they had found all the pearls, and piled them in a large heap. Then the ant king came up and said, "You were kind to me when your brothers wished to ruin my castle, and so my servants have found these pearls for you."

But when the young man came back to the castle with the pearls in his pocket, the little old man led him up to the stone table, where he read the second line, which said, "If you have found the pearls, you next must find the key which lies in the sand under yonder lake."

As the youngest brother came to the shore of the lake, a beautiful white duck swam up to him, and said: "Friend, you would not let your

brothers harm us, and now we are willing to help you. What do you wish us to do?"

As soon as the youth told the duck about the golden key which lay at the bottom of the lake, the bird dived far down into the water, and quickly brought it up in her beak.

After that the young man read the third line on the stone table, which told him that he must take the golden key and unlock a room in the castle, where he would find the king's three daughters sleeping under a magic charm. He must pick out from these sleeping maidens the youngest, and wake her up.

Now these three sleeping maidens were as near alike as three peas, and the only way they could be told apart was by what they had eaten before they went to sleep. The oldest had eaten sugar, the second a little candy, and the youngest a spoonful of honey.

While the young man stood there, not knowing in the least which one of the king's daughters to pick out, the queen bee, whose honey he had saved, flew in at the open window. She went from mouth

to mouth of the sleeping maidens, and quickly finding the one who had eaten the honey, she settled on her red lips. In this way the young man knew which one to awake.

As soon as the princess opened her eyes, the evil charm, which had held the castle so long, was broken, and all who had been turned to stone took their right forms. The youngest brother then married the youngest daughter of the king and was made heir to the kingdom.

CINDERELLA

ONCE upon a time the wife of a rich man fell ill. When she felt that she was about to die, she sent for her little girl, and said: "Dear child, when I am dead, be good, and say your prayers every night. Then God will always take care of you, and I will look down from heaven, and watch over you."

After the mother had closed her eyes in death, the little girl used to go day after day to her grave. She never forgot those last words, and was always good and gentle.

All through the winter the mother's grave was white with snow; but when the bright sun of spring came, the little girl's father had married again.

This stepmother had been already married, and had two girls, who were fair and beautiful to look

upon, but at heart they were evil and wicked. They made the life of the good little girl very sad and lonely.

"Is this stupid goose to sit with us in the best room?" said the stepmother.

"Those who eat should work; send her into the kitchen," said the children of the stepmother.

Then they took away all her nice clothes, and gave her an ugly old dress and wooden shoes to wear. 10

"Look at our fine princess now," said the sisters, and drove her into the kitchen.

There the little girl had to stay and do the hard work from morning till night. Besides this, the sisters made her do all kinds of things, and at night, when she was worn and tired, she had no bed to lie upon. When it was cold, she crept close to the ashes in front of the warm fireplace, and at last she was so black and dusty, that they called her Cinderella, or Little Cinders. 20

One day, as the father was going to a fair, he asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring them for a present.

"A beautiful dress," said the eldest; "a string of pearls," said her sister.

"And you, Cinderella," said her father, "what will you have?"

"Father," she answered, "please bring me the first twig that strikes your hat on the way home."

The father brought for his stepdaughters a beautiful dress and a pearl necklace, and as he
10 rode home through the wood, a hazel twig struck his hat; so he stopped, broke off the twig, and took it home with him.

As soon as he reached home, he gave to his stepdaughters their presents, and to Cinderella the twig from the hazel bush. She thanked him and went to her mother's grave, where she planted the twig.

Now Cinderella went to her mother's grave so often and cried so much, that her tears watered
20 the twig, and it grew and grew until it became a beautiful tree. Every time she went to the tree, a little white bird would perch among its leaves and throw down whatever she wished for.

It came about that the king was to give a grand ball, which was to last for three days. All the beautiful young girls in the land were invited to this ball, so that the king's son might pick out his bride from among them.

When the two stepdaughters found that they were invited, they were filled with great joy. They called Cinderella to them, and said, "Come and dress our hair, and trim our shoes with gold buckles, for we are going to the ball at the king's palace."

When Cinderella heard this, she began to cry, for she would gladly have gone to the ball herself; so she went to her stepmother, and begged that she might go also.

"You, Cinderella!" cried her stepmother, "covered as you are with dust and ashes, — you go to a ball! Why, you have no dress nor dancing-shoes!"

But Cinderella begged so hard to go, that at last her stepmother said: "I have just thrown a dishful of peas into the cinders; if you can pick them all out in two hours, you shall go with us."

Then Cinderella, who was a friend to all the

birds of the air, went into the garden, and cried: —

"Come hither, my birdlings, my little doves, too,
Your friend, Cinderella, is waiting for you;
With bright eyes and claws, and each sharp little beak,
Soon all the round peas from the cinders we'll tweak."

Then two white doves flew in through the kitchen window, and by and by all the little birds who knew Cinderella came, and, nodding their
10 heads at her, began to pick and pick, until very soon they had picked every pea from the ashes, and the dish was full; then the birds lifted their wings and flew away.

Full of joy, the maiden carried the dishful of peas to her stepmother, thinking that now she could surely go to the ball; but her stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no dress, you cannot dance, and they will only make fun of you."

20 Still Cinderella cried and begged so hard that her stepmother, to keep her quiet, threw two dishfuls of peas into the ashes, and then told her she

could go to the ball, if she had all these peas picked out in two hours.

"She can never do that in time," thought the cruel woman, as Cinderella ran away to the kitchen.

But the maiden went again into the garden, and called to her birds: —

"Come hither, my birdlings, my little doves, too,
Your friend, Cinderella, is waiting for you;
With bright eyes and claws, and each sharp little beak, 10
Soon all the round peas from the cinders we'll tweak."

Then the birds all flew down as before, and in less than an hour every pea was picked out and laid in the dishes. As soon as the birds had flown away, Cinderella carried the peas to her stepmother, thinking that now she would surely let her go to the ball; but her stepmother said again, "No, Cinderella, you have no dress nor shoes, and you cannot go."

Then the cruel woman turned her back on the 20 poor girl, and with her two proud children she rode to the ball. There was no one at home now but

poor Cinderella, so she went out to her mother's grave, and cried : —

"Shake thy leaves, O little tree,
With silks and laces cover me."

Then the bird in the tree threw down a beautiful silk dress, covered with gold and silver, and a new pair of little golden slippers. In great haste, Cinderella put on these beautiful clothes, and went to the ball.

10 As she came into the ballroom, looking so beautiful in her rich dress and slippers, her stepmother and sisters did not know her. They had no idea that it could be Cinderella, who, they thought, was safe at home picking the peas from the ashes.

The king's son at once took notice of the beautiful girl with the golden slippers, and at last he would dance with no other. If any one came up to ask her to dance, he would say, "She is to
20 dance with me." So Cinderella danced all the evening until it was time to go home. Then the prince said he would go with her, for he wished to find out where she lived.

But Cinderella's good fairy took care that she should not be followed. Cinderella ran quickly back to the hazel tree, where she shook off her beautiful clothes, and laid them on the grave; then she put on her old kitchen clothes. The little white bird soon flew down and carried the dress away, while Cinderella went home to lie in the ashes.

On the second evening, when the next ball was given, as soon as every one had left the house, 10 Cinderella went to the hazel tree and said: —

"Shake thy leaves, O little tree,
With silks and laces cover me."

Then the bird threw down a far more beautiful dress than before, but with the same little golden slippers. When Cinderella came into the ballroom, the king's son could not take his eyes from her, so great was her beauty; and he would not dance with any one else. If any one came up to ask her to dance, he would say, "She is to dance with me." 20

Again, when it was time to go home, the prince said that he would go with her. But Cinderella was

so quick on her feet that he could not catch her. Running to her hazel tree as before, she left the ball dress on her mother's grave, and put on her kitchen clothes. When her stepmother came home, Cinderella was lying near the ashes, as usual.

Then the third ball took place, and after the stepmother and her two daughters had driven away, Cinderella again went to her mother's grave, and said to the tree: —

10 "Shake thy leaves, O little tree,
With silks and laces cover me."

Then the bird threw down the most beautiful dress of all, but with the same pair of little golden slippers.

When Cinderella came into the ballroom in this dress, every one stopped dancing to look at her, she was so beautiful. Again the prince danced only with her, and if any one else came for her, he would say, "This dance is mine."

20 When it came time for Cinderella to leave, the prince again wished to go home with her; but she darted away from him, and ran so quickly that he could not follow her.

Now the king's son, in order to be sure to find out this time who the beautiful dancer was, had his servants put sticky pitch on the steps of the castle; so that, as Cinderella ran away, one of her little gold slippers stuck fast to the steps, and she had to leave it behind. The prince himself picked it up. It was very, very small, and made of pure gold.

Then the prince had it cried all over the kingdom that he would marry no one but the maiden whom the slipper would fit. When the stepsisters heard this, they felt sure that they could wear the slipper, for they both had very small feet.

Then the prince and his servant went from house to house with the slipper, and all the young maidens who had been at the ball tried it on; but it would fit none of them.

At last the prince came to the house where Cinderella lived. First, the eldest sister took the slipper, and tried and tried, but it would not go on.

The second sister also tried the little golden slipper, and she pulled and tugged, but her foot was too large.

"Have you no other child?" asked the prince of Cinderella's father.

"None," he said, "except a child of my first wife, — little Cinderella; she could by no means be your bride."

"Send for her," said the prince.

The stepmother answered: "Oh, no! I dare not let you see her; she is much too dirty." But the prince ordered Cinderella to be sent for, so at last
10 they called her in.

After washing her hands and face, Cinderella came in and bowed to the prince, who gave her the golden slipper. She seated herself, took off the heavy wooden shoe from her left foot, and quickly put on the golden slipper. Then as she lifted her head and looked at the prince, he knew that she was the beautiful maiden who had danced with him at the ball, and he cried, "At last I have found my bride."

20 The stepmother and the two sisters were white with rage, but the prince took Cinderella on his horse, and rode off with her to his castle; and they were happy forever after.

THE DANCING-SHOES

A KING once had twelve daughters, and one was just as beautiful as another. These twelve beautiful daughters all slept in the large hall of the castle, where their beds stood side by side. Every night when they went to bed, the door to the large hall in which they slept was locked and bolted by the king himself.

Now each princess had a pair of dancing-shoes, which were to be worn when the king gave a dance; but it happened that no matter how many new pairs of dancing-shoes the king gave to his daughters, the next morning, when he unlocked the door, he found the shoes all worn out and in holes.

There was not a wise man in the kingdom who could think how this happened, for no one could get out of the bolted windows and doors. At last the king said that whoever would find out where

his daughters went in the night to dance, and how they got out of the room, should have one of them for his wife.

But the king also said that any one who had tried for three nights, and then could not tell the secret of the worn-out shoes, should give up his life. In spite of all this, it was not long before a prince came to the kingdom who wished to try and find out the secret.

10 That night the young man was placed in a room near the hall where the maidens slept, and a door was also left open so that he could follow them if they should go away to dance.

As soon as the prince lay down to watch, it seemed as if lead had been placed on his eyelids. He could not keep awake, and in the morning the dancing-shoes were found even more worn than usual. The second and the third nights the same thing happened, and then the prince was 20 put to death without the least pity. Even this did not keep other young men from trying, but they all lost their lives.

Now it happened that a poor soldier, who had

been wounded and could not serve any longer in the army, was on his way to the town where the king and his daughters lived, when he met an old woman.

"Why are you going to the town?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered; "but if I have no better luck, I may try to find out where the king's daughters go every night to wear out their slippers."

"That is not so very hard," said the old woman; 10 "all you have to do is to keep awake, and if you do not drink the wine which they will try to give you, you will have no trouble." She then gave him a little cloak, and said, "When you wear this cloak, no one can see you, and you can easily follow the king's daughters as they go to their dance."

Her good wishes gave the soldier courage. So he at once went before the king, and told him he would like to try to find the secret of the 20 dancing-shoes.

The king was glad to see the soldier, and in the evening, as bedtime came, he was led to the little

room. When the king's daughters came to bed, the oldest brought to him a goblet of wine; but the soldier had tied a piece of sponge under his chin, so that as he put the cup to his lips, the wine all ran into the sponge, and he did not drink a drop. Then he lay down, and, after a little while, began to snore as if he were fast asleep.

When the twelve maidens heard this, they began to laugh, and the oldest said, "There is another goose who does not care for his life."

Then the maidens arose, put on their most beautiful dresses, and danced about for joy, all except the youngest, who said, "I don't know why it is, but I feel as if something were going to happen."

"You are always afraid," cried the oldest daughter. "Do you think that after we have fooled so many king's sons we shall not be able to take care of this soldier?"

When the princesses were all ready, they came in and looked at the man, but he had his eyes closed tight, and he did not move; so they thought that he was surely sound asleep.

Then the oldest daughter went up to her bed and struck it gently. All at once it began to sink down into the earth; down, down it went, till a flight of stairs was seen leading into the darkness.

As the daughters of the king, one by one, went down these stairs, the soldier jumped out of bed, threw on his magic cloak, and followed them. About halfway down, he trod lightly on the dress of the last princess, which so frightened her that she cried aloud: "What was that? Who was pulling my dress?" 10

"Don't be foolish," cried the oldest daughter, "your dress must have caught on a hook or something."

When they came to the bottom of the stairs, the soldier saw bright green fields, through which ran a road with beautiful shade trees on either side. These trees had silver leaves, which shone and sparkled in the light of many lamps.

"Well," thought the soldier, "I must take a proof of all this to the king;" so he broke off a branch with its sparkling leaves. 20

As he did this, the branch gave such a crack

that the youngest princess cried out: "I am sure there is something wrong! Did you hear that noise?"

"That was nothing," said the oldest sister, "but a gun fired in our honor by the princes."

They went on until they came to another street, where the trees had leaves of gold, and still farther they came to a third street, where the leaves sparkled with diamonds. From each of these
10 trees the soldier broke off branches, and the youngest daughter, when she heard them crack, was again afraid; but the oldest sister still thought them nothing but guns.

Before long they came to the shore of a lake, on which lay twelve pretty little boats, and in each boat sat a handsome young prince. As the twelve maidens came up they took seats in the twelve little boats.

Now the soldier, all unseen, took his seat in the
20 boat with the youngest princess. When the prince rowed away, he said: "I do not see why this boat should row so hard; I cannot keep up with the rest."

"Perhaps you are not so strong as they," answered the princess, and the prince said no more.

The soldier now saw before him, on the other side of the lake, a noble castle, bright with lights, and strains of sweet music came over the water. When all had landed, they went to the ballroom, where the maidens were soon dancing with life and spirit.

The soldier, wearing his little cloak, danced among them unseen; and often, when a glass of wine was brought and placed on the table, he would drink it while no one was looking. This made the youngest princess feel that something was wrong, but the others made fun of her.

The maidens danced and danced till all their shoes were quite worn out. Then the princes rowed them back again over the lake, and the soldier went as before unseen.

As soon as they reached the shore, the soldier jumped out, ran quickly up the stairway to his room, and jumped into bed. When the maidens came slowly up the stairs, they all heard him

snoring loudly, and the oldest said, "At least there is no danger from him." So they took off their beautiful clothes, and soon were fast asleep.

Now the soldier did not say a word of what he had seen, for he wished to go again to hear the music, and see the beautiful castle across the lake. So he went with the twelve princesses on the second night and again on the third night; and each time they danced till their shoes were worn
10 out. On the third night the soldier took a golden cup as further proof of what he had seen.

The morning of the third day the soldier came before the king, bearing the three branches which he had broken off and the golden cup. The king then said, "How is it, sir, that my twelve daughters have worn out their dancing shoes each night, while you have been watching?"

"By dancing with twelve princes," answered the soldier, "in a castle built under the ground."
20 Then the soldier told the king all he had seen, and gave him the three branches and the golden cup.

When he had heard the soldier's story, the king

sent for his daughters, and asked them if what the soldier had said were true. They saw at once that they had been found out, and they could deny nothing. Then the king asked the soldier which one of the twelve princesses he would take for his wife, and the soldier answered, "As I am no longer young, I will take your oldest daughter." So the soldier married the oldest princess, and when the king died, he left to him his whole kingdom.

THE BOOTS OF BUFFALO LEATHER

ONCE upon a time there was a soldier who feared nothing and cared for nothing. He had left the army, and as he knew no trade, he could earn little, so he lived by begging. He always wore an old cloak and a pair of huge riding-boots made out of buffalo leather.

One day, while on his travels, this brave soldier came to a great forest, in which he soon lost his way. After walking a long time, he at last caught
10 sight of a man in a green hunting suit. The soldier stepped up to the hunter, shook hands with him, and they both sat down together on the grass.

"I see you have on fine boots which are well blacked," said the soldier, "but if you had to walk about as much as I do, they would not be fine long. Now just look at mine; I have worn them a long

time, and yet they still serve me well in a great many ways."

At last the soldier stood up, and said, "Well, my brother with the bright boots, what is the way out of this forest?"

"That I would like to know myself," said the huntsman, "for I have lost my way, too."

"Indeed," said the soldier, "so we are both in the same fix; but let us go on. We may find the way out yet." 10

Then the hunter arose, and they both walked on farther and farther into the wood.

As night came on the soldier saw a light through the trees, and said, "Ah, a light means fire, and a fire means something to eat; so let us move on."

They soon reached a stone house, and when they rapped, an old woman came to the door. "We have lost our way," said the soldier, "and we would like shelter and food; my stomach is as 20 empty as a drum."

"You cannot stay here," answered the old woman; "this house belongs to a band of rob-

bers, and if they find you, they will be sure to kill you."

"I think not," answered the soldier; "but as I have eaten nothing for two days, I would as soon be killed as to die of hunger." And he entered the door.

The huntsman did not wish to go in, but the soldier took him by the arm, and said, "Come, come, my brother, our lives are not so easily lost."

Then the old woman said, "Well, get down behind the stove, and what the robbers do not eat, I will bring to you after they have gone to sleep."

The men had just crept behind the stove, when twelve robbers came rushing in, sat down at the table, and, with a great noise, ordered their supper. The woman then brought in a huge roast of beef, and placed it on the table. When the smell of the food came to the nose of the soldier, he said to the hunter, "I can sit still no longer; I must have a piece of that roast."

"They will surely kill us," said the hunter, and

tried to hold the bold fellow back. But the soldier stood up, and as soon as the robbers caught sight of him, they threw down their knives and forks, and sprang to their guns.

"Halloo," they cried, "what are you doing here? Are you sent out as spies?"

"Now stop your talking," said the soldier; "I am hungry. Give me something to eat, and then you can do what you like with me."

The robbers did not know what to make of this, 10 but at last their chief said, "You are a bold fellow, but you shall eat with us, and then you shall die."

"We will see about that," said the soldier, who took a seat at the table, and began to eat with the best of them. Then he called to his friend, "Come, Brother Bright Boots, come and eat; you must be hungry as well as I."

The huntsman could not eat, but the soldier ate enough for both. 20

At last the soldier said, "My men, your meat is good, but how is your wine?"

So the chief said to the old woman, "Bring

a bottle out of the cellar, and let it be of the best."

The soldier, drawing the cork with a pop, turned to the huntsman, and said, "See what a man with magic buffalo boots can do with a bottle."

Going back to the table, and holding the bottle high over the robbers' heads, the soldier cried out, "Long life to you all, but may your mouths be open and your right arms uplifted!" No sooner
10 had he said these words, than the robbers all seemed to be turned to stone, with their mouths open and their right arms uplifted.

Then the huntsman said, "Indeed, sir, you are a wonderful man; but come, let us leave this place at once."

"Ah, no," said the soldier, "we must not march away too soon; we have beaten the enemy, now let us enjoy ourselves."

So he made the old woman get another bottle of
20 the best wine, and when they had both finished eating, the old woman showed them the nearest way to the town.

As they came into the village, the soldier met

one of his old officers. He at once told him about the robbers, and said that he and his friend would lead a company of soldiers back to capture the rogues.

As soon as they came to the house, the soldier placed his men at all the windows and doors, so that none of the robbers could get away. Then he went boldly in, and going up to the table where the robbers still sat with their mouths open and their right arms uplifted, he took a bottle of wine, 10 and, holding it high over their heads, said, "Long life to you all!"

The robbers came to life again as quick as a wink, but were thrown down and bound hand and foot with cords. Then the soldier had them tossed into a cart like sacks of grain, and off they went to the village.

Now the huntsman, unseen by the soldier, had taken one of the guards aside and given him an order. 20

As they drew near the village the soldier saw a great crowd of men coming out of the gate. He could hear shouts of joy, and saw flags waving, and

he knew that some great man must be coming to the town.

"What does all this mean?" said he to the huntsman.

"Do you not know?" answered the hunter, "that the king has been a long time away from his kingdom and is now coming home?"

"Where is the king?" said the soldier; "I do not see him."

10 "Here he is," answered the huntsman. "I am the king, and they come to meet me." Then he opened his coat, so that his royal clothes could be seen.

The poor soldier fell on his knees, and cried to the king to forgive him; but the king gave him his hand, and said: "You are a brave soldier, and have indeed saved my life. If at any time you wish to eat a piece of good roast, step into the royal kitchen; but if you wish to drink a health 20 when you have on your boots of buffalo leather, you must first ask me."

THE GOLDEN BIRD

ONCE upon a time there lived a king, who had a beautiful garden behind his castle, and in this garden grew a tree which bore golden apples. As the apples began to be ripe, they were counted, and every morning it was found that one apple was gone. When this was told to the king, he sent some one to keep watch under the tree every night.

Now the king had three sons; so he sent the eldest into the garden to watch for the first night; 10 but by midnight he had fallen fast asleep, and in the morning another golden apple was gone.

The next night, the second son tried to watch, but he did no better than his brother, for when the clock struck twelve, he too was sound asleep, so that in the morning still one more apple was gone.

Then it came the turn of the third son to watch. The king had little faith in him, but at last he said

he might try. The young prince lay down under the tree, and, unlike his brothers, he kept wide awake.

Just as the clock struck twelve, he heard a sound of wings rushing through the air, and soon a bird flew by with feathers that shone in the moonlight like gold. This bird lit on the tree and was picking an apple, when the boy raised his crossbow and fired. The bird flew away, but the arrow had hit
10 one of its golden feathers, which fell to the ground.

The prince picked this feather up, and the next morning he took it to the king, and told him all that had happened in the night. The king then called his wise men and told them the whole story. They all said that such a beautiful golden feather was worth more than a kingdom. "If one feather is worth so much," cried the king, "I must and I will have the whole bird."

Now the eldest son felt sure that he could easily
20 catch the golden bird, so he set out to find it. He had not gone far when he came to the edge of a wood, where he saw a fox, and at once he aimed his crossbow at him.

"Do not shoot me," cried the fox, "for I can tell you what to do. I know that you are looking for the golden bird. If you keep straight on, you will come by evening to a little village where there are two inns, one on each side of the road. One will have bright lights, music, and dancing, but do not stop there; the other you will find dark and still, and this one you must be sure to enter."

"How can a stupid animal like that know what I ought to do?" thought the young man, and he let fly an arrow after the fox, who stretched out his bushy tail, and darted off into the wood.

After walking for a long time, the king's son came at evening to a village, and there stood both the inns as the fox had said. In the one which had bright lights, he heard music and dancing; while the other looked dark and gloomy.

"I should indeed be a dunce," thought the young man, "if I went to such a gloomy old place as that, when the other inn looks so bright and gay."

Then he went into the noisy house, where he was

treated so well and lived so gay a life that he soon forgot, not only the golden bird, but his father, and the lessons he had been taught at home.

As time went on and the eldest son did not come back, the second son said that he would set out and try to find the golden bird. He also met the fox, just as the eldest son had done, and the fox told him the same thing about the inns, but he, like his brother, would not listen.

10 When the second son came to the village, his brother, who was at the window of the inn where there was music and dancing, saw him and called to him to come in. This the youth was very willing to do, and soon, like his brother, he was living only a gay and pleasant life.

As time went on and the two brothers did not come back, the youngest son offered to go and look for them; but his father said, "If your brothers, who are both older and wiser, cannot find the 20 golden bird, how can you?"

At last after the brothers had been gone a long time, the king began to fear for them, and so he let his youngest son go. At the edge of the wood

this young prince also met the fox. He raised his crossbow, and was about to shoot, but the fox begged him to spare his life, and told him the same story about the inns. The prince was a kind fellow, and said, "Do not be afraid, little fox, I will not harm you."

"You will never be sorry for it," answered the fox. "If you wish to travel fast, just climb up behind on to my tail."

No sooner had the prince seated himself than the 10 fox began to run, and away they flew over sticks and stones at such a pace that the wind whistled through his hair.

When they came to the village, the prince slipped from the fox's tail, and doing just as he had been told, he went straight to the dark, gloomy inn, without looking about him, and slept there all night.

The next morning the prince arose and went out into the fields. There sat the fox, who said: "I 20 will now tell you what you must do next. Walk straight on until you come to a castle, in front of which you will find a whole army of soldiers lying

down; but do not be afraid of them, for they will all be asleep and snoring. Walk right past them straight into the castle, and go through all the rooms. At last you will come to a room where you will see the golden bird hanging in an old wooden cage. Near it stands an empty golden cage; but have a care, you must not take the bird out of his wooden cage to put him into the golden cage, or some harm will surely come to you."

10 Then the fox again stretched out his tail, the king's son seated himself upon it, and away they flew over sticks and stones at such a pace that the wind whistled through his hair.

When they came to the castle, the prince found everything just as the fox had told him. He went softly by the sleeping soldiers, walked into the castle, and so on from room to room, until he came to the one in which hung the golden bird in the wooden cage. The golden cage also stood close 20 by, and there on the floor lay the golden apples which had been stolen from the king's garden.

"How foolish," thought the young man, "to leave such a beautiful bird in a poor wooden cage

when there is a fine golden cage for it." So he opened the door, caught the bird, and put it in the golden cage. Just as he did this, the bird gave so loud a scream that the soldiers woke up, ran into the room, and took the king's son off to prison.

The next morning the prince was brought before a judge who, when he had heard his story, ordered the youth to be hung. But the king who owned the bird said that he would give the young man his life and also the golden bird if he could bring him the golden horse, which could run faster than the wind.

So the prince set out on his search, but he felt very sad; for where was he to find the golden horse which could run faster than the wind? All at once, whom should he see sitting by the road, but his old friend, the fox.

"Now," said the fox, "you see what has happened by not doing as I told you; but cheer up, friend, I will tell you how you may find the golden horse, and I will even take you to it. You must go straight along this road until you come to a

great castle, in the stable of which stands the golden horse. In front of the stable you will find many stablemen and boys lying down, but do not be afraid of them, for they will all be asleep and snoring, and you can safely lead out the golden horse past them. One thing you must not fail to do; put the old saddle of wood and leather on the horse instead of the golden saddle which hangs near it, or some harm will surely come to you."

10 Then the fox stretched out his tail, the king's son seated himself upon it, and away they flew over sticks and stones at such a pace that the wind whistled through his hair.

Everything happened just as the fox had said, and the prince soon came to the stable where lived the golden horse.

Just as he was going to put on the old saddle made of wood and leather, he thought to himself, "Such a beautiful horse as this must not have an 20 old wooden saddle on his back."

No sooner had the prince touched the golden saddle than the horse began to neigh as loud as he could; the stablemen and the stable boys woke

up, and took the young prince and threw him into prison.

The next morning the youth was again taken before a judge, who said that he must die; but the king who owned the golden horse said that he would give the prince his life and also the golden horse if he could bring to him the beautiful princess from the golden castle.

With a heavy heart the prince set out, when whom should he meet but the faithful fox. "I ought to leave you to your fate," said the fox, "but I will have pity on you, and will help you once more out of your trouble. To find the golden castle, you must keep straight on. You will get there about sunset. In the evening the princess will walk out alone in the garden. As she passes your hiding-place spring out upon her and give her a kiss; then she will follow you, and you can easily carry her away. But do not allow her to say good-by to her father or mother, for if you do, harm will surely come to you."

Then the fox stretched out his tail, the king's son seated himself upon it, and away they flew

over sticks and stones at such a pace that the wind whistled through his hair.

The prince came to the golden castle, and everything happened just as the fox had said. He waited till the clock struck twelve and all in the castle were sound asleep, when, as the princess was taking a walk, he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She seemed quite willing to go with him, but begged him to let her say good-by to her
10 father and mother. At first he would not do it, but as she cried and cried, and fell at his feet, at last he said that she might go.

No sooner had the maiden stepped into her mother's room than every one in the castle woke up. The prince was caught and again thrown into prison. The next morning the king sent for him, and said: "You must surely die unless you can do one thing, and that is, to clear away the hill in front of the castle, which shuts out the
20 view from my window. If you can do this in eight days, you shall marry my daughter, the princess."

The king's son went out to the hill, and began

to dig and dig with all his might; night and day he worked, but it was of no use. On the seventh day, when he saw how little he had done, he gave up all hope. But that same evening the fox came to him, and said, "You have not done as I told you in the past and I ought not to help you, but lie down and go to sleep; I will do the work."

In the morning when the prince awoke and looked out of the window, he saw that the hill was gone. Filled with joy, he ran to the king 10 and told him that the work was done. So the king, whether he liked it or not, had to keep his word, and gave him the princess for his wife.

The prince and princess rode away, and were soon met by the fox. "Now, to be sure, you have won the best prize of all," said the fox, "but the princess also owns the golden horse."

"How am I to get it?" asked the prince.

"I will tell you," said the fox. "First, take the beautiful princess to the king who sent you to 20 the golden castle, and he will be so glad to see her that he will at once give you the golden horse. When the horse is led up to the door, shake hands

with the king and all the lords and ladies, but leave the princess till the last. As you take her hand to bid her good-by, hold it fast, and with a spring, lift her on to your horse and ride away with her. No one can catch you, for the golden horse will run swifter than the wind."

All happened just as the fox had planned, and the young prince rode far away on the golden horse with his beautiful princess.

10 But the fox was not far behind, so when they stopped, he came up to them and said: "Now I will help you to get the golden bird. When you come near the castle where the golden bird lives, let the princess stay with me; I will take care of her. Then ride to the castle gates upon your golden horse. The king will be so glad to see you that he will bring out the golden bird, and as soon as you have the cage in your hand, gallop back to us and take up the princess again."

20 Everything happened as the fox had said, and the prince was soon ready to ride home with his beautiful princess, the golden horse, and the golden bird.

"Now," said the fox, "how are you going to pay me for what I have done for you?"

"What do you want?" asked the prince.

"When you get to the wood where you first saw me," said the fox, "shoot me dead, and cut off my head and paws."

"That I cannot do," said the prince, "after all you have done for me."

"Then," said the fox, "if you will not do it, I must leave you; but before I go, I will tell you two things that you must not do: buy no gallows birds, and do not sit on the edge of a well." After saying these words, the fox ran away into the wood.

"What did the fox mean?" thought the prince, "for who in the world would want to buy gallows birds, and I am sure I do not want to sit on the edge of a well."

So he rode on with the beautiful princess. His path led him through the village where his two brothers were staying. There was a great crowd in the village, and when he asked what the trouble was, he was told that two men were going to be

hanged. As he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had been wasting their money and had done many evil things.

The prince then asked the hangman if he could not set them free. "If you will give me plenty of gold," said the man, "they may go free; but why should you give away your money for two bad men who ought to be hung?"

The younger brother gladly paid the gold to free his two brothers, and then asked them to go home with him.

When they came to the wood where each of them had met the fox, it was so cool in the shade, that the eldest brother said, "Let us stay here and rest for a time, while we eat and drink."

So they all sat down in the shade to rest, and while talking, the youngest brother forgot the words of the fox, and seated himself on the edge of an old well. Now the two older brothers saw him sit down, and their minds being filled with evil, they came up in front of him, and pushed him back into the well.

Then the wicked brothers took the young princess, the golden horse, and the golden bird, and went quickly home to their father. "We have brought home not only the golden bird," they said, "but the golden horse from the golden castle."

At first there was great joy over all the land; but it was soon found that the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess would only sit and weep.

Now the youngest brother, when he was pushed 10 into the well, had fallen on to a bed of soft moss, which did not hurt him in the least. But the walls were so high that he could not climb out.

While the poor prince was thinking what he could do, the fox came to the edge of the well, and jumped down beside him. Then the fox said, "Come, take tight hold of my tail, and I will pull you up." And with a whisk and a jump, both flew to the top of the well.

"You are not out of danger even now," said the 20 fox, "for your brothers have hired men to kill you, in case you should come back."

Just then they caught sight of a poor old man

sitting under a tree. "Change clothes with him," said the fox, and off he flew.

When this change was made, the prince, dressed like a poor old beggar, came to his father's castle. At once the bird began to sing, the horse ate up his corn, and the beautiful princess cried no more.

"What can all this mean?" asked the king.

Then the princess said: "I cannot tell why, but I have been very sad, and now I feel quite
10 happy. I think my true prince has come back to me." At last she told the king the whole story, although the older brothers had said they would kill her if she did.

The king ordered every one in the castle to come before him, and among them was the young prince in the clothes of the old beggar. But the princess knew him at once, and ran to him and kissed him.

The wicked brothers were taken and hanged; but the young prince was married to the beautiful
20 princess, and was made heir to the kingdom.

Now what did the poor fox do? Not long after, the king's son met him, and the fox said: "You have all that you can wish for in the world, while

I am very sad; but you can help me if you will." And once more he begged to be shot dead, and to have his head and paws cut off.

At last the prince said that he would do it, and lo! the fox was turned into a handsome young prince, who had been changed into a fox by an old witch.

After this, they all lived happily for the rest of their lives.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

A LONG time ago there lived a king and queen, who were very sad because they had no children; but one day when the queen was resting near a spring, a frog crept out of the water, and said to her: "You shall have your wish. Within a year you shall have a little girl."

What the frog said came true. The queen had a little child who was so beautiful that the king wished to give a party in her honor. He thought
10 he would invite all the wise women in the land, who could grant fairy gifts to his little child. There were thirteen of these wise women, but by some chance only twelve were invited, and at the table twelve golden plates were set for them.

After the great dinner was over the wise women, in turn, named their fairy gifts to the princess. The first gave her goodness, the second beauty, the third riches, and so on up to the last; but

before the twelfth wise woman could speak, in walked the thirteenth.

This ugly old woman was in a great rage, because she had not been invited to the feast, and without taking notice of any one, she cried in a loud voice, "When the princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle, and shall fall down dead." Then, without a word, the evil woman left the room.

At these words, every one turned pale with 10
fright; but the twelfth wise woman, who had not yet spoken, now came up, and said: "I cannot stop this woman's evil words; I can only change the order. The king's child shall not die, but a deep sleep shall fall upon her, in which she shall stay one hundred years."

The little child was so beautiful, kind, and good, that no one who saw her could help loving her. As she grew older, the king and queen began to feel very unhappy, and ordered that all the spin- 20
dles in the kingdom should be burned.

Now, as it happened, on the very day that the princess was fifteen years old, the king and queen

were away from home, and she was quite alone in the castle. The maiden ran about over the whole place, looking in at rooms and halls, just as her fancy led her.

At last she came to an old tower, and at the top of a winding stair, she saw a little door. In the lock was a rusty key. When she turned it, the door flew open, and there in a small room sat an old woman with her spindle spinning flax.

10 "Good morning, Grandma," said the princess, nodding her head, "what is that funny thing that jumps about so?" and she held out her hand to take the spindle. Then it came about as the fairy had foretold. The princess pricked her finger with the spindle, and at once she fell upon the bed which was near, and lay as if dead, in a deep sleep.

This sleep came not only upon the princess, but spread over the whole castle. The king and queen,
20 who had just come home, fell asleep, and all their lords and ladies with them; the horses went to sleep in the stable; the dogs in the yard; the doves on the roof; the flies on the wall; yes, even the fire

that burned in the fireplace grew still and slept. The meat stopped roasting before the fire; the cook in the kitchen, who was just going to box the ears of the stable boy, let her hand drop, and sank to sleep. Outside the castle the wind was still, and upon the trees not a leaf stirred.

In a few hours there sprang up around the castle a hedge of thorn bushes, which year by year grew higher and higher, until at last nothing of the castle could be seen above it; not even the roof, nor the chimneys, nor the flag on the tower.

So the years went by, and the story of the Sleeping Beauty, as the princess was called, was known all over the kingdom. As time went on many kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge of thorn bushes; but this they could not do. The sharp thorns seemed to have hands, which held the young men so fast that they could neither go forward nor backward, and they all died a sad death.

After many, many years a prince came to the kingdom, and heard an old man tell the story of the castle with its Sleeping Beauty. He also

knew what danger lay in the great hedge of thorn bushes, but the young prince was not afraid, and said, "I at least shall try to look upon the beautiful sleeping princess." The good old man did everything in his power to stop the prince, but the young man would not listen to his words.

Now it happened that the hundred years of the magic spell were just ended, and the day had come when the sleeping princess was to wake up again. As the prince came to the hedge of thorn bushes, it was in full bloom, and covered with beautiful flowers. When lo! before him, through the deep hedge, there opened a wide road, and so without danger he came to the gates of the castle.

The prince found horses and dogs lying asleep on the ground; on the roof sat the doves with their heads under their wings; and when he went into the castle, the cook and the kitchen-maid, and even the flies on the wall still slept. Near the throne lay the king and queen; while all around were the sleeping lords and ladies. So still indeed was the whole castle, that he could even hear his own heart beat.

The prince went on from room to room, until at last he came to an old tower, and going up a winding stair, he saw a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and as he turned it, the door flew open. There before him lay the sleeping princess. She was indeed so beautiful that he could not take his eyes from her.

The prince then bent down and gave her a kiss. As he did so, the Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes, and with her awoke the whole castle. The king woke up, and the queen and all the lords and ladies looked at each other with wide-open eyes; the horses in the stable stood up and shook themselves; the dogs jumped about and wagged their tails; the doves on the roof lifted their heads from under their wings and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed about; the fire in the kitchen blazed up; the meat began to roast; the cook boxed the ears of the stable-boy, so that he ran off crying; and the hedge of thorn bushes around the castle dried up and blew away.

Then the prince married the beautiful princess, and they lived happily forever after.

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters. The oldest was named One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second had two eyes like other people, so she was named Two Eyes. The youngest had three eyes, two like her second sister and one in the middle of her forehead, and she was called Three Eyes.

Now the mother and the other two sisters did
10 not love little Two Eyes, because she was just like other people, and they said to her, "You are no better than the rest of the world with your two eyes; you don't belong to us."

So they made her wear their old clothes, gave her only the pieces that were left to eat, and did everything they could to make her unhappy.

It happened that Two Eyes was sent into the field to take care of the goats. She was often

very hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. One day, when she sat on a stone, and was crying because she was so hungry, she looked up and saw a beautiful woman standing near, who said, "Why are you weeping, little Two Eyes?"

"I cannot help crying," she said, "for my mother and two sisters do not love me, and they are cruel to me. Besides tending the goats, they make me do all the hard work about the house, and they do not even give me enough to eat."

"Do not cry any more, little Two Eyes," said the wise woman, "for I will make you a fairy gift. After this you will only have to say to your own little goat:—

> 'My little goat, with eyes so clear,
> Pray make and set my table here.'

Just as soon as you speak, a pretty little table will be set before you, and on it will be all kinds of good things to eat. When you have had all you care for, you need only say:—

'My little goat, with eyes so bright,
Come move thy table out of sight.'

And the table will go away before your eyes."

As soon as the wise woman had left, Two Eyes, who was very hungry, called her little goat to her, and said: —

"My little goat, with eyes so clear,
Pray make and set my table here."

At once a beautiful little table stood right before
10 her; it had upon it a snow-white cloth, and plates, and knives and forks, and silver spoons, and a dinner such as a king might envy. Little Two Eyes sat down, and bowing her head, said, "May God be ever with us at our food. Amen."

The girl was so hungry that she ate and ate, and when she had finished, she said to the little goat: —

"My little goat, with eyes so bright,
Pray move thy table out of sight."

20 And quick as a wink the table was gone.

"This is a nice way to keep house," thought little Two Eyes, who felt better than she had for a long time.

That night when Two Eyes went home with the goats, she found some crusts of bread, which her sisters had left for her supper, but she did not touch them, and the next morning she went away without eating anything.

The first and second times she did this her sisters did not notice it, but when the same thing happened every day, they said to each other, "What can be the reason that Two Eyes does not touch anything which we give her to eat, when she used to be so hungry? It must be that some one is giving her food."

So the next time little Two Eyes took her goat to the fields, One Eye said to her, "I am going with you to-day to see how well you do your work."

Two Eyes knew that her sister wished to spy upon her, so she drove the goat a long way. At last One Eye grew very tired with walking, and when they sat down, little Two Eyes sang to her older sister, until her one eye closed, and she fell fast asleep.

So little Two Eyes said:—

"My little goat, with eyes so clear,
Pray make and set my table here."

Then she sat down quickly and ate her dinner, and when she had finished, she said: —

"My little goat, with eyes so bright,
Pray move thy table out of sight."

And as quick as a wink the table had gone.

Then Two Eyes woke up One Eye, and said: "You are of little use in watching goats, for you have been sound asleep. Come, it is time to go."

When they reached home, One Eye told her sister that she had seen nothing, for she had fallen fast asleep.

The next morning Three Eyes told her mother that she would try to find out how Two Eyes got her food, so when little Two Eyes started to drive the goats to the field, Three Eyes said, "I am going with you to-day, to see how well you do your work."

Two Eyes knew why her sister was going, so she drove the goat a long way through the grass,

until Three Eyes was very tired. When they both lay down to rest, little Two Eyes sang so sweetly that her sister soon closed two of her eyes in sleep, but the third eye was wide awake and saw all that Two Eyes did.

Two Eyes, thinking that her sister was fast asleep, ordered the goat to bring her the magic table with all the good things upon it, and after eating she had it taken away again, and the third eye of Three Eyes saw it all. 10

That evening, when little Two Eyes again left her supper, Three Eyes said to her mother, "I know why she leaves our food." And she told what she had seen in the field.

"I saw it all with one eye," she said, "for the other two were tired and fast asleep."

Then the wicked mother said to poor little Two Eyes, "If our food is not good enough for you, I will give you something better." So she went out and killed Two Eyes' own little goat. 20

When Two Eyes found what her mother had done, she went into the field, and cried and cried. All at once she saw through her tears the wise

woman who had given her the magic table. "Little Two Eyes, why do you weep?" she said.

"Ah," answered Two Eyes, "my mother has killed the little goat, who spread for me the magic table."

"Listen, little Two Eyes," said the wise woman, "I will tell you what to do. Go home and ask your sister to give you the heart of your little goat. To-night take the heart and bury it in the
10 ground near the front door of the house."

Then little Two Eyes went home, and said to her sister, "Dear sister, give me some part of my poor goat; even its little heart will do."

"Well," said the sister, "if that is all you want, you may have it."

So little Two Eyes took the heart of the goat, and that night, when every one was asleep, she buried it in the ground close to the front door of the house.

20 The next morning what should the mother and sisters see in front of the house but a most wonderful tree, with leaves of silver and apples of gold. Nothing in the wide world could have been

more beautiful. Little Two Eyes knew that the tree must have sprung from the heart of her goat, for it stood just over the spot where she had buried it.

Then the mother said to One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and pick a golden apple from the tree."

One Eye climbed the tree, but when she tried to take hold of a branch and pick one of the apples, it seemed to slip from her hand and she could not do it. The more she tried, the farther away danced the apple.

"Three Eyes," said the mother, "climb up, and try what you can do, for you see better with your three eyes."

So One Eye slid down from the tree, and Three Eyes climbed up, but she could do no better than her sister. No matter how hard she tried, the apple always slipped from her grasp; she could not pick even a leaf or a twig.

At last the mother thought she would try, but after she had climbed the tree, she could do no better than her daughters had done. When she

tried to pick a leaf or an apple, her hand closed upon thin air.

At last little Two Eyes said, "May I try and see what I can do?"

"You!" cried her sisters; "you with your two eyes, what can you do?"

But when Two Eyes climbed the tree, the golden apples seemed to fall into her hands. She picked them one after another, until her lit-
10 tle apron was full.

After she came down, her mother took the apples away from her and gave them to her sisters, for she thought they were much too beautiful for little Two Eyes to have.

Now it happened that while the three sisters were standing under the beautiful tree, a young prince rode by. The sisters then cried to Two Eyes, "Run quickly, and hide yourself, for you are not fit to be seen." And they pushed the
20 poor little girl under an empty barrel which stood near the tree.

As the prince drew near, he stopped and looked in wonder at the beautiful tree with its silver leaves and golden apples.

At last he said to the sisters: "To whom does this beautiful tree belong? A branch from it is worth more than a kingdom."

"This tree belongs to us," said the two sisters; "if you like, we will break off a branch and give it to you." So they both tried again, but the branches slipped from their hands, and do what they would, they could not pick even a leaf.

"It is wonderful," said the prince, "that the tree should belong to you, and that you should not be able to pick even a leaf."

Just then little Two Eyes, who was angry because her sisters had not told the truth, rolled two of the golden apples, which she had hidden in her pockets, out from under the barrel to the very feet of the prince. When the prince saw them, he asked the two sisters where they could have come from.

Then the two maidens told him that they had another sister, but they did not wish to let him see her, for she had only two eyes like other people, and was named little Two Eyes.

But the prince said he wished to see her, and

little Two Eyes had to creep from under the barrel. When the prince saw how beautiful she was, he said, "My dear Two Eyes, can you break off a branch of this wonderful tree for me?"

"I will do it gladly," said little Two Eyes, "for the tree is mine." Then she broke off a branch with its silver leaves and golden apples and gave it to him.

Before the prince rode away, he asked little
10 Two Eyes if he might take her to his father's castle, where she would be a serving-maid to the queen. This pleased little Two Eyes greatly, and she said that she would be glad indeed to go with him.

When the sisters saw Two Eyes taken away by the prince, they also were so pleased that they did not know what to do, for they thought, "Now the beautiful tree belongs to us, and even if we cannot pick its apples, every one who passes will stop
20 to look at it, and our tree will be known all over the kingdom."

But when they arose the next morning, lo! the tree was gone. On the very same morning when

little Two Eyes arose, she saw the golden tree growing right under her window.

In her good fortune, little Two Eyes did not forget her mother or her two cruel sisters, and as they grew older, they felt sorry for the way in which they had treated their little sister, who had only two eyes.

MOTHER FROST

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was very beautiful and a great help about the house, while the other was ugly and idle. The mother loved the ugly one best, for she was her own child, and she cared so little for the other daughter that she made her do all of the hard work. Every day the poor girl had to sit beside a spring, and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

10 One day when her spindle was so red with blood that the poor girl could not spin, she tried to wash it in the water of the spring; but the spindle fell out of her hand and sank to the bottom. With tears in her eyes, she ran and told her stepmother what she had done.

The stepmother scolded her, and was so angry that she said, "Since you have let the spindle fall into the spring, you must go in and get it out."

Then the maiden went back to the spring to look for her spindle. Now she leaned so far over the edge of the spring that she fell in and sank down, down to the very bottom.

When the poor girl first awoke, she could not think what had happened, but as she came to herself, she found that she was in a beautiful field, on which the sun shone brightly and where hundreds of wild-flowers grew.

She walked a long way across the field till she 10
came to a baker's oven, full of new bread, and the loaves cried to her, "Oh, pull us out! pull us out! or we shall burn! we shall burn!"

"Ah, that would be a pity!" cried the maiden, and stepping up, she pulled all the sweet brown loaves out of the oven.

As she walked along, she soon came to a tree full of apples, and the tree cried: "Shake me! shake me! my apples are all quite ripe."

The kind-hearted girl shook the tree again and 20
again till there was not an apple left on its branches. Then she picked up the apples one by one and piled them in a great heap.

At last she came to a small house. In the doorway sat an old woman, who had such large teeth that it made the girl feel quite afraid of her, and she turned to run away.

But the old woman cried: "What do you fear, my child? Come in, and live here with me; and if you will do the work about the house, I will be very kind to you. You must take care to make my bed well, and to shake it and pound
10 it, so that the feathers will fly about, and down in the world they will say that it snows, for I am Mother Frost."

The old woman spoke so kindly that she quite won the maiden's heart, and she said she would gladly work for her.

The girl did everything well, and each day she shook up the bed until it was soft and nice, so that the feathers might fly down like snowflakes. Her life with Mother Frost was a very happy one;
20 she had plenty to eat and drink, and never once heard an angry word.

After the girl had stayed a long time with the kind old woman, she began to feel lonely, and

wished to go home. She was indeed quite homesick. She could not help it, though her life with Mother Frost had been very happy.

When she could stand it no longer, she said, "Dear Mother Frost, you have been very kind to me, but I feel in my heart that I cannot stay here any longer; I must go back to my own friends."

"I am pleased to hear you say that you wish to go home," said Mother Frost, "and as you have worked for me so well, I will show you the way myself."

So she took the maiden by the hand and led her to a broad gateway. The gate was open, and as the young girl walked through, a shower of gold fell over her and hung to her clothes, so that she was dressed in gold from her head to her feet.

"That is your pay for having worked so hard," and as the old woman spoke, she put into the maiden's hand the spindle which had fallen into the spring.

Then the great gate was closed, and the maiden found herself once more in the world, and not far from her stepmother's house. As she came into

the farmyard, a cock on the wall crowed loudly, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! our golden lady has come home, I see."

When the stepmother saw the maiden with her golden dress, she treated her kindly, and as soon as the girl had told how the gold had fallen upon her, the mother could hardly wait to have her own ugly child try her luck in the same way.

10 This time she made the idle daughter go to the spring and spin; but the girl, who wished for riches without working, did not spin fast enough to make her fingers bleed. So she pricked her finger, and put her hand into the thorn bushes, until at last a few drops of blood stained the spindle. At once she let it drop into the water, and sprang in after it herself.

Just as her sister had done, the ugly girl found herself in a beautiful field, and walked along the 20 same path till she came to the baker's oven.

She heard the loaves cry, "Pull us out! pull us out! or we shall burn! we shall burn!"

But the lazy girl answered, "I will not do it;

I do not want to soil my hands in your dirty oven."

And so she walked on till she came to the apple tree. "Shake me! shake me!" it cried, "for my apples are all quite ripe."

"I will not do it," answered the girl, "for some of your apples might fall on my head." As she spoke, she walked lazily on.

When at last the girl stood before the door of Mother Frost's house, she had no fear of the great teeth, for her sister had told her all about them. So she walked right up to the old woman and offered to be her servant.

For a whole day the girl was very busy, and did everything that she was told to do; but on the second day, she began to be lazy, and on the third day, she was still worse. She would not get up in the morning; the bed was never made or shaken, so the feathers could fly about; till at last Mother Frost grew quite tired of her, and told her that she must go away.

The lazy girl was indeed glad to go, and thought only of the golden rain which was sure to come

when Mother Frost led her to the gate; but as she passed under it, a large kettleful of black pitch was upset over her.

"That is what you get for your work," said the old woman, and shut the gate.

So the idle girl walked home all covered with pitch, and as she went into the farmyard, the cock on the wall cried out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! our sticky young lady has come home, I see."

10 The pitch stuck so fast to the girl's clothes and hair that, do what she would, as long as she lived, it never came off.

THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

ONE fine summer morning a little tailor sat with his legs crossed in his open window at work. Now this little man liked good things to eat, and when a farmer's wife came down the street, crying, "Good jam for sale! good jam for sale!" the tailor stuck his head out of the window, and said, "Come up here, my good woman; I wish to buy some of your jam."

The woman climbed up the three steps with her heavy basket, and soon had her goods spread out 10 before the hungry tailor. As he smelled of first this jam and then that, the woman thought she would surely make a good sale. But after waiting a long time, the tailor at last said: "I think I will have a quarter of a pound of this strawberry jam. It smells so good." The woman thought he had taken a very long time to buy so little jam, and

went away with her heavy basket, feeling quite cross and angry.

"Ah," cried the tailor, "how I shall enjoy this good jam! the very thought of it makes me strong." Then he took down some bread from a shelf, cut off a large slice, and spread it thick with jam. "How good that looks!" he said, "but before I take even a bite, I must finish this coat." Then he put the bread on a chair close by, and, seating himself, he sewed away as busy as could be.

Now there were many flies in the room, and as the smell of the jam filled the air, they flew down in swarms to get a taste of the tailor's meal.

"Halloo," cried the tailor, "who invited you?" and he drove them away.

It was of no use; the flies would not stay away, but came back even thicker than before. At last the tailor could stand it no longer, and, taking a piece of cloth, he made a great dash at the flies. Lo! when he looked, he found that he had killed seven. "Ah," he cried, "what a brave fellow I am to have killed seven at one stroke! I will not

hide it; the whole town shall know how brave I am."

So, in great haste, he cut out a belt for himself, and stitched on it in great big black letters, "Seven at one stroke!" "Not only the town," he then said, "but the whole world shall know of it!" and he patted himself and swelled out like a turkey cock.

The little tailor tied the belt around his waist, and, putting an old cheese in his pocket, he shut up his little shop, and started out to see the world.

As he walked along, he found a poor little bird caught in the bushes. He lifted it out, and with great care put it in his pocket. Then the little tailor went on again and soon came to a high mountain. When he had climbed to the top, there, quite at his ease, sat a great giant, who looked at him in a friendly way.

The brave little tailor walked right up to the giant, and said: "Good morning, my friend. Upon my word, you have a fine view of the world from here; but I am on my travels to see if I can find good luck. Would you not like to go with me?"

The giant looked down on the little tailor, and said: "You little imp! What, go with you! Why, you are not more than a mouthful."

"Stop!" cried the tailor, "not so fast!" and, opening his coat, he pointed to the words on his belt. "If you can read, that will show you how much of a man I am."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" and, thinking it must have been seven men whom the
10 tailor had killed, he looked upon the little man with more good-will.

"Well, now, I will try you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" Then he took up a large stone, and squeezed it so hard that a few drops of water came from it.

"That is nothing!" cried the tailor, "that is but play for me!" and taking out the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the water ran out in a stream. At the same time he cried, "Beat that
20 if you can!"

The giant knew not what to say, but he took up another stone and threw it so high in the air that one could not see where it fell.

"That is very well done," said the tailor, "but the stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up, and it shall not come down again." So he put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out the bird, threw it high up into the air. At once the bird rose higher than the giant's stone, and soon was far out of sight.

"What do you think of that, my friend?" said the tailor.

"You can throw well," answered the giant, "but I should like to see if you can lift as well as you can throw." And he led the little tailor into a forest in which lay a great oak tree that had been blown down by the wind. "Now, then," he said, "if you are as strong as you say you are, just help me carry this tree out of the forest."

"Very well," answered the tailor, "you take the trunk on your back, and let me take the leaves and branches; they are heavier."

Then the giant lifted the trunk on his back, but the little tailor took his seat among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had to carry the whole tree and the tailor besides.

Our little friend was so merry that he sang as he went along. Soon the load grew too heavy for the giant, and at last he said: "I cannot go a step farther, do you hear? I shall let the trunk fall."

At this the tailor sprang lightly down, took hold of the tree with both hands, and said, "Well, you can't be so very strong not to be able to carry a tree like this."

Then the giant said to him, "Since you are so
10 strong, you had better come home with me to my cave and stop for the night."

When they reached the cave, there sat two other giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.

The little tailor sat down, and thought to himself, "Well, this is a sight worth coming a long way to see."

Then the giant showed him his bed, but it was so large and hard that he got up, crept into a
20 corner, and there went to sleep.

When all was still, the giant arose, and struck the little tailor's bed such a heavy blow that it broke in two. "Ah," thought the huge fellow,

"I have killed you, little grasshopper; you will play no more tricks on me."

The next morning the giants did not give the little tailor a thought, but went off into the wood. And so when they saw him walking up, as brave as ever, they thought that he had come to life again, and knowing that he could kill seven at one stroke, the giants took to their heels, and ran away so fast that they were soon out of sight.

Then the little man went on until he came to the gates of a king's castle, where, tired out with his long walk, he lay down on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep.

While he lay there some of the king's men passed by, and read on his belt the words, "Seven at one stroke!" "Ah," they cried, "what can a man like this be doing here in time of peace? He must be a great hero."

So they ran and told the king, who said: "He must indeed be a great man. Go out and sit by his side, and when he wakes, give him this bag of gold, and tell him that I would like to make him a general in my army."

The king's men did as they were ordered, and when the little tailor awoke, they told him what the king had said.

"Ah, yes," cried the little man, "that is what I came for; I should be glad to join the king's army."

Then the king gave him a room in the castle, and he had fine clothes to wear. But the rest of the king's soldiers did not like the little tailor. 10 "For," they said, "if we should have a fight with him, what would he not do to us, — a man who can kill seven at a single stroke." So they went to the king and told him that they would leave his army unless he sent the little tailor away.

Now the king did not like to lose all his old soldiers, and began to wish that he had never seen the tailor; but he could not think how to get rid of him, since he might kill them all and make himself king.

20 At last the king thought of a plan, so he sent for the tailor, and said: "In a forest not far from here live two cruel giants. They are robbers and very wicked, but no one dares to go near them for fear

of being killed. If you will rid my kingdom of these wicked giants, I will give you my princess to marry and half of my kingdom. You shall also have one hundred horsemen to help you in any way that you may wish."

"Well," answered the tailor, "this seems a fair offer, and I will do it for you; but a man who has killed seven at one stroke has little need of one hundred horsemen."

But the tailor took his hundred horsemen and set boldly out to find the giants. When they came to the edge of the wood, he ordered the horsemen to stay where they were, which they were very glad to do, while he went on to fight the giants alone.

After a while, the little tailor found the two giants lying fast asleep under a tree, and snoring so loud that the leaves above them rattled and shook.

The little tailor at once set to work. He quickly filled both his pockets full of large stones. Then he climbed up into the tree, and creeping out over the first giant, he let fall one big stone after another.

At last the giant awoke, and said, "What do you mean by hitting me like that?"

"You were dreaming," said the other giant; "I never touched you." And soon they were both asleep again.

Then the little tailor dropped a very heavy stone upon the second giant, who woke up in a rage, and cried: "You are striking me now! What do you mean by it?"

10 "I never struck you," said the first giant.

By this time, they were both very angry, but at last they lay down again and went to sleep.

As soon as their eyes were closed, the tailor rolled the largest stone he could find upon the head of the first giant.

"This is too much!" he cried, and struck the other giant so hard that the ground shook.

Then the second giant gave him a blow, and the battle went on for hours. They pulled up huge
20 trees; they threw rocks at each other; and the fight only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.

Then down jumped the little tailor from his tree,

and, drawing his sword, he gave a loud shout, and ran quickly to the horsemen on the edge of the wood.

"I have done it," he said; "they are both dead. It was no easy task, I can tell you, for they even pulled up trees they were so angry; but what could they do against a man who has killed seven at one stroke?"

"Are you not hurt?" asked one of the horsemen.

"Not in the least," answered the tailor. 10

And when the soldiers saw the two giants lying on the ground, they thought the little tailor a very brave man indeed.

Then the little tailor came before the king to claim his princess and half the kingdom, but the king put him off again and said: "One thing more you must do before you can have your bride. In the great forest back of the castle there lives a wild boar, so large that no one of my men dares to hunt him. As soon as you have killed this beast for me, 20 you shall surely have the princess."

"Why, that is nothing," answered the tailor. "I can do that as well as not." So he set out at

once for the forest, but he left the horsemen outside just as he had done before.

As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor, he flew at him, and would have thrown him to the ground, but the tailor was too quick for him, and darted into a little church which stood near. When the boar rushed in after him, the tailor had already jumped out of a window, and running around to the front of the church, quickly
10 slammed the door and locked the boar in.

When the horsemen came and saw the prize, they thought the little tailor a very brave man indeed.

This time the king had to keep his word, whether he liked it or not, and he gave to the brave little tailor the princess and half of his kingdom.

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THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG KIDS

THERE was once an old goat who had seven little kids, and she loved them all as much as any mother could love her children.

One day the goat wished to go into the forest to get food for her kids, and before she started, she said to them all: "Dear children, I am going into the wood. Now don't open the door while I am away, for if the wolf should get into our hut, he would eat you all up; not a hair would be left. You may easily know him by his rough voice and his black feet."

"Dear mother," cried all the young kids, "we will be very careful to keep out the wolf; you need not think of us at all, for we shall be quite safe." So the old goat went on her way into the forest.

once.

She had not been gone long, when there came a rap at the door, and a voice cried, "Open the door, my dear children; I have something nice here for each of you."

But the young kids knew by the rough voice that this was the old wolf and not their dear mother. So one of them said: "We shall not open the door. Our mother's voice is soft and gentle, and your voice is rough; you are only a wolf."

10 So the wolf ran away to a shop and bought a stick of white chalk, which he ate to make his voice soft. Then he went back to the goat's hut, rapped again at the door, and said in a soft voice, "Open the door for me, my dear children; I am your mother, and I have something nice here for each of you."

But the oldest little kid thought of what his mother had said, and answered, "If you are our mother, put your foot on the window-sill that we 20 may see it."

When the wolf had done this, all the little kids cried out: "No, you are not our mother; we shall not open the door; our mother has white feet and

not black ones like yours. Go away, you are the wolf."

Then the wolf went to the baker's, and said, "Mr. Baker, dust some flour on my foot, for I have hurt it." And the miller was so afraid of the wolf that he did as he was told.

Now the wicked wolf went to the goat's house a third time and said, "Open the door, dear children; I am your mother, and I have something nice for you here." 10

"Show us your feet," said the little kids, "then we shall know that you really are our mother."

So the wolf placed his foot, which the baker had dusted with flour, on the window-sill; and when the kids saw it was white, they thought this was really their mother, and they opened the door. But as soon as he jumped into the room, they saw that it was the wicked old wolf, and they all ran to hide themselves.

One hid under the table, the second in the bed, 20 the third in the oven, the fourth in the kitchen, the fifth in the cupboard, the sixth under the wash-tub, and the seventh, who was the smallest of all,

in the clock case. The wolf quickly found six and gobbled them all up, one after another; but the youngest, who was in the clock case, he could not find.

Then the wolf, feeling sleepy, went out and lay down in the green grass under a tree, and fell fast asleep.

Not long after the old goat came home from the forest. Ah! what did she see! The house door
10 wide open, the table and chairs upset, the wash-tub broken in pieces, and the bed tipped over. The poor mother looked for her children in vain; not one could she find.

At last she heard a little voice cry, "Dear mother, here I am shut up in the clock case." The old goat helped her little kid out, and listened while he told how the wolf had come into the hut and eaten each of the brothers and sisters at one mouthful. How the poor mother cried at the loss
20 of her dear children!

At last she went out of the hut, and there under the tree she found the old wolf lying sound asleep and snoring. The goat, looking sharply, thought

she saw something move inside of the wolf. "Ah," said she, "it may be that my poor children are still alive." So she sent the little kid into the house for a pair of scissors, a needle, and some thread; and when he came back, she quickly began to cut open the wolf's stomach.

At the first snip of the scissors, one of the kids stuck out his head, and the more the old goat cut, the more the little heads popped out, until at last all six of the kids jumped on to the grass and went hopping and skipping about their mother.

Then the old goat said to them, "Go and bring me some large stones from the brook, that we may fill the stomach of this wicked wolf while he still sleeps."

The seven little kids ran off in great haste, and soon came back with as many large stones as they could carry. With these they filled the stomach of the wolf. Then the old goat sewed it up again so gently and quietly that the wolf did not wake nor move.

When at last the wicked wolf did wake up, and stretched out his legs, he seemed to feel very

heavy. The great stones in his stomach also made him feel so thirsty that he got up and went to the brook to drink. As he walked along, the stones rattled and struck against each other until he cried out: —

> "My stomach's a tumble,
> With rattle and rumble,
> Like a pile of old bones,
> Or a barrel of stones."

10 When he came to the brook and bent down to drink, the stones were so heavy that they tipped him over the edge of the bank, and he fell into the stream and was drowned.

The little kids and their mother heard the splash, and ran to the side of the brook. There in the deep water they saw the wolf lying on his side, stone dead. Then they danced around their mother, crying, "The wolf is dead! the wolf is dead!" And this was the end of the wicked old
20 wolf.

THE GREEDY BLACKSMITH

A TAILOR and a blacksmith were going home one evening after their work was done. It was later than usual, for they both had been very busy at their trades. They lived several miles from the town, and before they were halfway home, night came on; but soon the moon rose, and as its round, bright face came up from behind the hills, they heard the sound of music. This music was so strange and yet so beautiful that the friends forgot how tired they were and ran on to 10 see from whence it came.

As they drew nearer and nearer to the music, they saw a band of little men and women, who were holding each other's hands, and dancing round and round in a circle to the strange and beautiful music.

In the centre of the ring, where the fairies were dancing, stood an old man, a little taller and

stouter than the rest. He wore a coat of many colors, and his snow-white beard came down even to his belt.

The tailor and the blacksmith stood still, and looked in wonder at the dancers. Soon the old man made signs to them, and the little people opened a way so that the two men might come within the magic circle.

The blacksmith stepped in at once, for he had
10 no fear, but the tailor was at first a little timid and held back. As soon as he saw how merry and good-natured the fairies all looked, he took heart and also entered the circle. The little people quickly closed the magic ring, the beautiful music began to play, and they began to dance and skip about like dry leaves in a storm.

Then the old man in the centre of the ring drew a large knife from his belt, and began to sharpen it on a stone. When he had tried the edge with
20 his finger, he turned and gave the two men such a fierce look that it made them both fear for their lives. Almost before they knew what had happened, the little man had caught hold of the smith.

and, as quick as a wink, had shaved off his hair and beard at one stroke of the knife. He then took the tailor and did the same to him.

As soon as this was done, the old man's face became all smiles again, and he patted the two men on the back in the most friendly way, as if he thought they had done well to be shaved without making any trouble. He then pointed to a heap of charcoal that lay on one side of the ring, and made signs to them to fill their pockets. 10

The tailor and the blacksmith both did as they were ordered, though neither could think of what use a pocketful of coals would be to him. Then they said good-by to the little people, for it was getting late, and they wanted to find a place to sleep.

Just as they turned to go, a clock from the church tower struck twelve. Upon the last stroke the music stopped, the little people sank out of sight, and the hillside where they had been danc- 20 ing lay calm and still in the moonlight.

After walking for some time, our two friends at last came to a barn. Creeping in upon the hay,

they went sound asleep, dressed just as they were, for they were too tired even to think of taking the coals from their pockets.

When morning came, the heavy weight awoke them earlier than usual, and on putting their hands into their pockets, they hardly knew what to think, when they found that instead of coals their hands were full of pure gold. Then they felt of their beards and their hair, and found that they had grown during the night.

Now the blacksmith was a greedy fellow, and although he had taken twice as much coal as the tailor, yet he wished for still more, so he said to the tailor, "Come, brother Cross Legs, let us visit our little friends again to-night, for we did not take half enough of their coal."

But the tailor answered: "I have all the gold that I can use, and I am quite content. The little people have treated us well, and I see no need of their doing more for us."

The blacksmith thought that the tailor was very foolish, and in the evening he took two large bags under his arm and went alone to the hillside.

As soon as the moon came up, he found the little people dancing and singing, just as they had been doing the night before.

Again the fairies took the blacksmith into the ring, and the old man shaved him, and made a sign as before that he could take as much coal as he liked. This was just what the greedy fellow was waiting for, and he not only filled his pockets with the coal, but the two bags as well.

This night the blacksmith had a bed to sleep on, 10 but he lay down in his clothes, saying, "I shall know when it changes to gold, for it will be so heavy that it will wake me." And he went to sleep, thinking of the riches he would have in the morning.

As soon as the blacksmith opened his eyes the next morning, he reached into his pockets, but he brought up handful after handful of black coals, and not a speck of gold could he find.

"Well, I still have the gold I took the first 20 night," he said, but lo! this also had turned back again to coal, and he was worth not even a penny; he put up his black hands to his head, and found

that it was still bald, while his chin was smooth and without a beard.

When the tailor came in to see the blacksmith, he found him groaning and crying aloud over his trouble. Then the tailor said, "My friend, you have been unlucky; but my needs are few, and the gold which I have is enough for both of us; we will share and share alike."

The tailor was as good as his word, and gave
10 half of his gold to the blacksmith, but the beard of the greedy fellow never grew again, and he always had to wear a cap to cover his bald head.

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